ON THE PHONE TO BOMBAY **PRANAY GUPTE**

THE NATION

APRIL 9, 1977 60 cents

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KAI BIRD
Co-Opting the Third World Elites

Trilateralism Goes to Work

A BORN-AGAIN POVERTY PROGRAM *Phil Primack*
DETROIT'S CHEMICAL WARFARE *Peter J. Bernstein*
THE QUOTA APPROACH TO HOUSING *Fuerst & Petty*

PAUL GOODMAN
The Decade of Fame
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EDITORIALS

Who Speaks for Labor?

Big Labor, if George Meany's crumbling empire can still be called that, has had a pair of bad blows lately. One was the defeat in the House of the common-situs picketing bill; the other was the administration's proposal of a raise of the minimum wage to $2.50, instead of the $3 the AFL-CIO leadership thought it had in the bag. To the extent that these losses hurt all of labor, they are to be deplored; to the extent that they weaken Meany's grip on labor's leadership, they are not all bad. The signs are that the main disaster area was in Meany's camp. The main body of labor, organized and unorganized, can recover from these defeats.

The common-situs picketing bill did not affect much of organized labor. It would have applied only to the "hard-hats" of Meany's own construction union world, allowing a single union to shut down a whole building site in a dispute. It was undoubtedly a mistake to have picked this bill, a form of favoritism for the building trades unions, as the first test of labor's strength in the new Congress and under a new Democratic administration. Having chosen this test, Meany & Co. were confidently banking on the fact that it had been passed in the last Congress (President Ford then went back on his word and vetoed it). They failed to rally their Congressional troops, despite a strong campaign by the building industry (and evident lack of enthusiasm in the White House). Big Labor is still a potent lobby on Capitol Hill, but the AFL-CIO botched this job.

More important in its effects on working men and women is the mere 20¢ increase in the minimum wage. This Carter proposal will be taken by the business world as a major victory and one signaling that labor is on the run. It can only hurt the one big organizing campaign labor is pushing in the South, the attempt to organize the textile giant, J.P. Stevens & Co. (Only 13.8 percent of Southern workers belong to unions as against a national average of 26.2 percent.) And prospects for the long-overdue repeal of the Taft-Hartley Act's Section 14-B, which permits state anti-labor "right-to-work" laws, have fallen off badly from what they were even a few weeks ago.

All these developments are not entirely the personal fault of George Meany. But they are signs that the leadership of this 82-year-old titan is faltering. Meany and his chief aides spend far too much of their time fighting the battles of the cold war, as B.J. Widick pointed out in these pages ("New Life for the Unions," March 26). They waste enormous energy resisting visits from labor types from "the other side" (i.e., Communists) and lobbying for defense appropriations (that's where the jobs are) instead of organizing the unorganized. Their kind of business unionism, sterile and self-satisfied, looks quite feeble compared to the "social unionism" represented by the UAW and the Machinists, for examples.

Whatever President Carter's views on the minimum wage (which he seems to regard as more a matter of inflation than of social justice), it is clear that Leonard Woodcock of the Auto Workers is more his type than is George Meany. It is impossible to imagine Meany going to Hanoi as Woodcock did, on the mission that may well prove to have been the prelude to serious relations between Hanoi and Washington.

President Carter has already broken several of the old molds that set the shape of things in the past. Apparently he will deal with labor in a more challenging way than Presidents have in the recent past. That means encouraging the new and more progressive forces in what used to be called the labor "movement." Meany, as the events of the past few days show, represents immobility, and that is on the way out.

Cutting Back on the Arms Trade

The President has approved $2 billion worth of arms sales to various countries around the world, principally to members of NATO. He could have O.K.'d $6 billion worth, so there are no grounds for discouragement. In the great old days of arms merchandising under Nixon-Ford-Kissinger, it is likely that the whole sum would have been approved in a minute.

The Washington Post (March 29) reports another heartening attitude toward the arms business on the part of the new administration. The paper quotes Under Secretary of State for Security Assistance Lucy W. Benson (a former president of the League of Women Voters) as saying that the criteria for approving arms sales abroad now include a "negative presumption." Before giving approval, she said, the questions asked are: "Do they have to have this? And why do they have to have this?" That is a big step away from the old system when the Pentagon had an office whose job it was to persuade every small nation that would let its salesmen in the door that it needed the latest and hottest in destructive hardware. (At one point Iran was sold on a $25 *billion* radar system.)

It should be said that President Carter, who is personally reviewing each transaction before approving it, is living up to a campaign promise on this matter. He said back then that our arms sales policy was "as cynical as it is dangerous" and "almost completely unrestricted." He has called for a complete review of this whole business and it will be on his desk April 11. The National Security Council is scheduled to consider a new policy on arms sales a few days later.

So much for the "merchant of death" side of the U.S. arms business. We also, of course, give away a vast amount of the stuff to our "friends" around the world. It is called "military aid." Now it seems that some of these friends of ours are offended by all this talk about "human rights," and some of them have indignantly canceled their deals with the Pentagon. A recent count shows that $75 million worth of American military aid has been spurned by countries, mainly dictatorships, which resent the moral strictures from Washington. Brazil, which turned down $50 million worth, is the largest spurner (Brazil is also angry with Carter for blocking its nuclear deal with West Germany).

Does this mean that our former clients will run straight to Moscow with their weapons shopping lists? If they do, is that bad? If all of the eighty-four nations which receive

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arms aid from the United States queue up at the Kremlin arsenal, the line will rival the one outside Lenin's tomb in length, if not in patience. There would be a long wait for delivery, as the Egyptians found out. Meanwhile, we could be figuring out what to do with all those new ploughshares. It is not the grimmest of pictures.

Big Mouth

In the fantasy novels about a military takeover of the U.S. Government (and there are more than a few), the coup-minded American general is usually portrayed as trim, jut-jawed, taciturn and smart. Gen. George S. Brown, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and therefore this country's chief military man, has the first two characteristics, but conspicuously lacks the others.

Brown is a breveted blabbermouth and he is clearly not quite bright. In the latest of a series of revelations about his thoughts on things that are none of his business we learn that Congress, in his view, is a major obstacle to a proper national defense and that the citizens whom the intelligence services have, often illegally, kept under surveillance, probably deserve that intrusion upon their privacy.

In fairness to this garrulous general, it should be noted that he made these observations last May at Fort McNair before a "closed" gathering of high State and Defense Department officials, and that it took the syndicated columnist-cartoonist Ranan Lurie almost a year to dig out the quotes (which the Pentagon has not denied). But it is not a sufficient excuse that Brown did not mean his thoughts to be widely disseminated, and the words themselves are worth citing.

Congress he compared to "the man who is kibitzing a chess game and occasionally reaches in and moves a piece and thereby screws it all up." (So much for the constitutional duty of that "kibitzer" to raise and support the Army and Navy.) On the matter of surveillance of citizens, Brown showed the extent of his respect for the Bill of Rights in this amazing statement: "If any citizen of this country is so concerned about his mail being read or concerned about his presence at a meeting being noted, I'd say we ought to read his mail and that we ought to know what the hell he has done."

Brown, the improbable military chieftain, has remained in his lofty post despite at least two other astonishing "indiscretions" during his term as chairman of the JCS. In one of them he attributed this country's unswerving support of the state of Israel to the power of American Jews in the world of banking and communications; he called it a "burden." Despite this and other gaffes, President Ford reappointed him as chairman of the JCS. His military virtues were so highly regarded that all he suffered was two brief sessions on the carpet before the President, who apparently was more politically embarrassed than properly angered.

If the country were at war and if General Brown had the strategic genius of Caesar, Napoleon, Washington and George Marshall rolled into one, the respectful treatment accorded this sounding brass might be understandable. But we are not at war and there is no evidence that Brown is anything but an industrious bureau-

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crat in uniform. His main skill is an acrobatic one—he can salute with his foot in his mouth.

Most of this country's military men have scrupulously observed the line dividing military command from civilian control. The best of them have even been able to draw the right distinction between strategy, which is often their business, and policy, which never is. General Brown is almost unique in his inability to stick to his professional last. He has so often gone beyond it that one must wonder whether he is simply stupid or whether he may represent a new and dangerous trend in the military establishment. His attack on Congress, which has so humbly given the Pentagon even more billions than it can digest, is truly astonishing.

It would be a nice kind of justice to leave the chastisement of Brown to the scorned kibitzers of the military and appropriations committees. But the Constitution made the President the Commander in Chief, and so the punishment of General Brown is up to Mr. Carter. It is hard to see how he can do less than cashier him.

We Cannot Be Sure

There are two great arguments against society's use of the death penalty. The first is the moral or philosophical one that questions the ultimate sanction partly because of its brutalizing effect, individually and collectively, on those who presume to make this irrevocable judgment. The other is a purely practical one, that it is extremely difficult to be certain about guilt in many cases, and that tragically often some bit of belated evidence will turn up to suggest that the convicted man may have been innocent of the capital crime for which he was executed.

Forty-one years ago an unemployed carpenter named Bruno Richard Hauptmann was put to death in New Jersey for kidnapping and killing the infant son of the Charles A. Lindberghs. The sensational press called it "the crime of the century," as it joined politicians and prosecutors in baying for the conviction of Hauptmann on what has turned out to be dubious circumstantial evidence. An industrious investigative reporter, Anthony Scaduto, recently published *Scapegoat: The Lonesome Death of Bruno Richard Hauptmann* which shows, at the very least, that Hauptmann was railroaded to conviction and death in a travesty of the judicial process, the evidence being invented when it was not suppressed. It was done in an atmosphere of hysterical vengefulness, compounded by hero worship of "Lucky Lindy."

Four decades later we learn that Hauptmann wrote from his death cell a long letter to his mother, telling her in detail how the state "manufactured" the evidence in order, as he put it, to "break the life of an innocent man." His mother in Germany never got that letter. It was found the other day in the files of the man who was warden of the New Jersey state prison at the time; he suppressed it lest he and Governor Hoffman be placed "in an embarrassing position for having released it." Indeed it would have been embarrassing for the authorities, if only for the reason that it is a point-by-point refutation of the state's circumstantial case against Hauptmann, emphasizing the same gaps and distortions that Scaduto's research turned up long after the case was as closed as the grave of the German carpenter.

In spectacular cases like the Lindbergh kidnapping, the pressures on the law's enforcers to find a perpetrator and "burn" him are at their most intense. But in hundreds of less sensational cases police and prosecutors respond to similar stimuli as they seek to administer society's retribution for the ultimate crime. As the courts, reacting to popular pressures, go about the business of reinstituting the death penalty in this country, the new revelations about the conviction of Bruno Hauptmann can at least serve as a reminder that any system of justice is administered by human beings and thus fallible.

Bowie's Bean Ball

Everyone remembers that the sticky diplomacy of "normalization" between China and the "imperialist" world began with a Ping-Pong ball. It turned out that Mao's table tennis players were the world's best and Peking was unable to resist the temptation to trounce the world, regardless of ideology, at a time when it would have no other contact with the evil outsiders.

For a while it looked as if a larger and harder ball might play the same diplomatic role in easing tensions between the United States and Cuba. Fidel Castro, it seems, is a baseball addict, and he knows well enough that his country once was a sandlot kindergarten for some of the stars of the American diamond (Boston Red Sox pitcher Luis Tiant is a relic of that age). Castro even had a favorite team, the New York Yankees, and recently he has let it be known by every means short of a neon sign that he would welcome a visit from the American League champions.

Perhaps he thought the Cuban players could humble the imperialists of the Yankees, as against the Yankee imperialists, and that, whatever the score, it would be publicity for Cuba and for a new era of good feelings. The New York Yankees were all for it, the new administration smiled on the notion, and it seemed that we had a deal to violate the blockade with some innocent sport.

Alas, ugly commerce. There will be no game this year between the Havana nine and the Yankees, or any other American team. Czar Bowie Kuhn, otherwise known as Commissioner of Baseball, exercised his dictatorial powers to block the arrangement—on the far-fetched ground that it would give the Yankees an unfair advantage over their major league competitors in the recruitment of Cuban ballplayers. There was no time to put together an all-star team and anyway Castro had that Yankee hang-up. So the confrontation on the playing fields of Cuba (a much better place for that kind of thing than, say, Angola) is in abeyance.

In the wake of this disaster for sport and diplomacy, Castro has been bouncing around the continent of Africa —like a Ping-Pong ball—making trouble for "our side," no doubt, wherever he goes. If the Yankees had been playing in the Havana stadium, Castro would probably have been cheering on his team from the dugout, instead of encouraging trouble at the top and bottom of Africa.

Czar Kuhn is not impressive as the ambassador of good will for America's "national pastime."

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ON THE PHONE TO BOMBAY

PRANAY GUPTE

It is once again a time of high hope in India. My parents, who live in Bombay, called up the other morning to relay the new mood of the country, and even though the connection crackled with static and the line went dead twice, the joy in their faint, distant voices came through clearly. "You know," my father said, "it hasn't been like this here for thirty years."

Thirty years ago—before I was born—he and my mother had stood, hand in hand, in a thickly packed square in Bombay, watching the British Union Jack being lowered and replaced by the Indian tricolored flag. They have many times since then described to me the excitement of that moment. A few days ago they were in that square again, watching a huge scoreboard that flashed the election results, witnesses this time to a different transfer of power.

Like a great many people in India and elsewhere, my parents and their friends had not expected this latest transfer of power to occur. The conventional wisdom was that, of course, the Janata Party—the motley Opposition group—would win seats here and there, but that even if the Congress Party of Prime Minister Indira Gandhi did not obtain its accustomed overwhelming majority, it would still win enough seats to form yet another national government. It turns out that conventional wisdom was among the many casualties of this election campaign. Another casualty was the array of assumptions aired by political scientists and columnists—notably those from the Western democracies—and by the café intellectuals of India itself.

So now the analyses and explanations are cascading around us as academicians and journalists assess the election results. The new catch phrase seems to be that "Democracy has come of age" in India. The rural poor—who, it was widely predicted, would not look beyond their next meal, but who nevertheless voted in droves to depose Mrs. Gandhi—are now endowed with sophistication. India, the editorials tell us, has reclaimed its freedom from an internal dictatorship that suspended the country's Constitution—and without external assistance. And yet. . . .

What have we really resolved in India? A haughty, temperamental matriarch has been stunningly defeated, her arrogant son denied a seat in Parliament and the imperious Congress Party humbled. The victors are a patchwork group of Congress dissidents, rightists, Hindu militants and Socialists whose "most and only ardent goal," as Prof. Anand Mohan of Queens College and an editor of *TransIndia*, a monthly for Indians here, puts it, was to drive Mrs. Gandhi out of office.

Are there fresh actors on the stage? No, for much of the Janata's leadership consists of recycled politicians from the Congress, the same old—and some very tired—faces. Is there a bold new program for national growth, a new vision for economic and social betterment in a country where almost every other Indian lives below the poverty line? No, only a strange amalgam of Gandhism (of the Mahatma Gandhi variety, that is) and pithy Socialist doctrines—a plethora of promises, most of which we've heard before from Mrs. Gandhi's Congress Party. "It is a great feeling when the voters are led to believe that they have thrown the rascals out," said Professor Mohan, who supported the emergency rule because he thought it would inject a new climate of economic recovery. "But there is no way of throwing the problems out."

Thus, underneath the euphoria and the celebration of what was an extraordinary exercise of adult franchise and a peaceful transition of power, there is the sobering reality that the problems now facing the victorious Janata Party are still the Himalayan problems that Mrs. Gandhi faced and before her, Jawaharlal Nehru, her father and the first Prime Minister of India. How do we strengthen our natural agricultural base and also promote heavy industry? How do we provide housing for the rural and urban poor? How do we shake our tradition-bound culture out of its lethargy so that it may keep up with the advances of modern technology? What about the continuing undercurrents of hostility between Hindus and Moslems? How do we patch up our historical differences with neighboring Pakistan and China? How do we create jobs for our disaffected young, and how do we establish incentives for our scientists and physicians who are settling abroad in lands of better opportunity? How do we court both the Soviet Union and the United States and yet stay neutral in their quarrels with each other? Do we encourage free enterprise or do we go in for a strictly planned economy with rigid state controls? And the big one: how do we curb our alarming birthrate?

The fortunes of politics often turn on a dime, but in India they sway with each monsoon season. The new administration's mandate is at best tenuous, and the public mood could easily sour if this year's rains are too light—or too heavy. Border tensions could flare up, and there could be communal riots. Some in the victorious Janata Party have already begun talking about retaliation against the former Congress rulers, particularly against Mrs. Gandhi and her son, Sanjay.

Nevertheless, as my parents pointed out in their telephone call, at no time since Independence, thirty troubled years ago, have national expectations been so high in India. So the election triumphs have placed on the new rulers a special burden; they have also put them on notice, for popular expectations have come crashing down so often in the past. The political road of India is littered with broken and failed promises.

All this having been said, one more point needs to be made: an ancient land that has been sundered so often, pillaged by invaders and brutalized by its own leaders—most recently by a cunning woman and her corrupt henchmen—deserves to celebrate its triumphs. God knows how few victories there are in a country where for most people the haunting question of each day is where the

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next rupee could possibly come from. I, like scores of Indians living abroad, as well as other friends of India, was ecstatic when the government fell. When my parents called I urged them to hasten to the family temple and ring its bell a thousand times for me. Let the peacocks dance, I said exuberantly, let the conch shells blare out their traditional notes of joy—for this was clearly a time for a new beginning.

WASHINGTON WON'T FIGHT

DETROIT'S CHEMICAL WARFARE

PETER J. BERNSTEIN

Last September the National Institute of Occupational Safety and Health identified one of the most familiar organic chemicals as a cancer-causing agent capable of triggering leukemia. It is benzene, a compound in the dangerous family of polycyclic aromatic hydrocarbons. Benzene is used as a solvent in the steel-making process and in the plastics and rubber industries. There would be nothing remarkable about yet another industrial chemical being linked to cancer if it were not for benzene's growing use as an additive in gasoline.

Within the last few years, benzene has become the preferred no-knock substitute for lead, which is being phased out of gasoline under court order. Typically, gasoline at the pump contains 1 to 2 percent benzene, although levels in some brands of gas approach 4 percent. A recent study made for the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) estimates that more than 53 million pounds of benzene escape into the air each year as a result of gasoline evaporation. Most of this evaporation occurs during auto fueling, posing a serious hazard to service station attendants and to people living near filling stations.

Nowhere is the amoral self-interest of corporate power and the accompanying political vacuity of the nation's public health policy being more vividly illustrated than in the auto industry's attempts to draw attention away from the airborne hazards of benzene and other carcinogens. Operating in tandem with the oil industry, Detroit's Big Four are trying to create a political and social climate that will accept environmental degradation as the necessary price for job security and economic growth. They are betting that the American people do not give a damn about clean air as long as they can speed at 55 or 60 miles an hour on a no-stop thruway in a late-model sedan filled with high-test gasoline reinforced by the latest secret additive. They may be right.

The Environmental Protection Agency has been aware of the benzene hazard since early last year, but has chosen not to publicize it, even though researchers have found that benzene produces chromosome aberrations as well as blood diseases. Because of the health threat, the Occupational Safety and Health Administration, a branch of the Labor Department, last year issued guidelines for worker exposure at a maximum threshold limit of 1 part per million of benzene in air for eight hours. Preliminary results of two government studies now underway at gasoline stations in a number of cities show that benzene concentrations around fuel pumps almost always exceed that recommended limit. Nor can the Occupational Safety and Health Administration be accused of excess zeal in setting its benzene limits. It is an established regulatory principle that there is no threshold level of exposure below which carcinogens are safe. When not banned outright, they are to be treated with extreme suspicion and caution.

EPA's performance record is shabby. Rather than take immediate action to set a maximum permissible level for the presence of benzene in the air, patterned after the stringent level set recently for carcinogenic vinyl chloride, EPA has spent the last six months assessing the cancer research of other agencies.

To make matters worse, EPA recently backed off from a plan opposed by the oil industry to require service stations in smog-ridden cities to install vacuum-assist devices for recovering gasoline vapor at the pumps. The devices trap almost all of the benzene, as well as other potentially dangerous hydrocarbons. Instead, the agency issued a revised proposal that would require stations in only a dozen or so cities to control gasoline vapors. Moreover, they would be allowed to install devices that cost half as much as the vacuum systems and capture considerably less benzene, and would have until mid-1981 to fit them to most pumps.

At a hearing in January that went unreported in national newspapers, Robert J. Rauch, a lawyer for the Environmental Defense Fund, accused EPA of "sanctioning the exposure of millions of Americans to hazardous levels of benzene." As a former top-level EPA official himself, Rauch knew of studies showing that benzene pollution endangers not only service station attendants but also people using self-service pumps. In addition, unburned gasoline emitted from tailpipes contains substantial amounts of benzene.

Vapor-recovery devices are required by local statute in San Diego, San Francisco and Washington, D.C. There were some horrendous problems when the devices were first installed because fuel-line nozzles equipped with the recovery systems were too large for 1975 and 1976 cars. "Detroit simply forgot about the states requiring vapor recovery in designing fuel tanks," Rauch said. "It was a perfect *Catch-22* situation. The fuel lines wouldn't fit into the auto tanks and there were gasoline spills everywhere. Imagine the fire hazard and the increased benzene pollution."

Determined to block further federal action on air pollution, America's auto manufacturers are gambling that Congress will grant another waiver from tailpipe-exhaust

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standards established under the landmark Clean Air Act of 1970. The standards would sharply reduce three pollutants that are responsible for a large part of general air pollution: carbon monoxide by 70 percent; the hydrocarbons (including benzene and most other carcinogens) by 50 percent, and the oxides of nitrogen by 30 percent. Detroit has fought against these limits for years. The car manufacturers were supposed to comply by 1975, but, claiming the necessary technology did not exist, they got a waiver from Congress in 1975 and another waiver last year from the EPA.

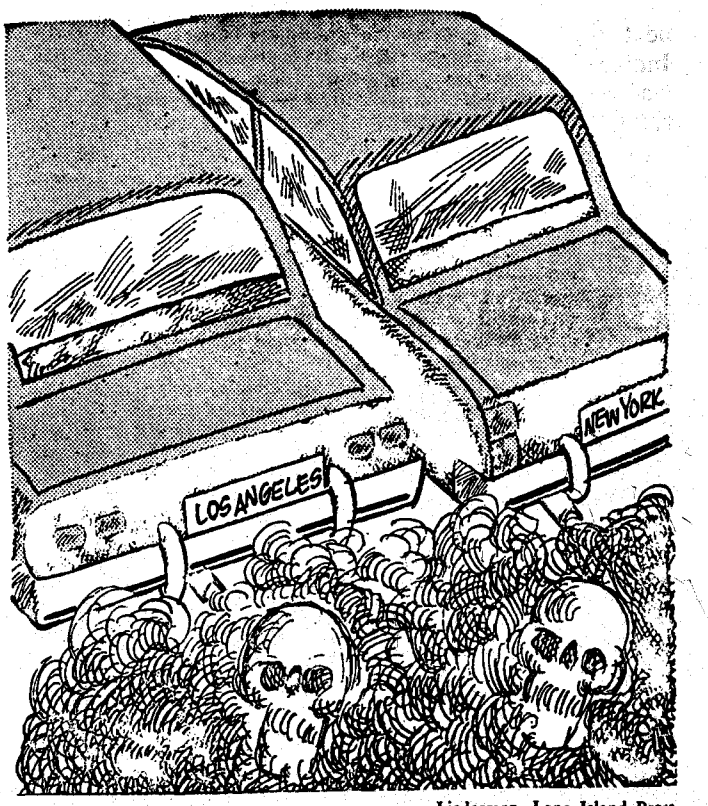
They are now back in Congress, asking for more lenient standards and a new timetable for cleaning up pollutants. They support a proposal from Leonard Woodcock, head of the United Automobile Workers, that would allow present standards to remain in effect through their 1979 models. The Woodcock proposal would also relax the final statutory standards for carbon monoxide and oxides of nitrogen, with the result that the public in some major cities would continue to be exposed indefinitely to dangerous levels of both pollutants. For example, the 0.4 gram-per-mile statutory standard for oxides of nitrogen would be abolished, and the present 2.0 grams-per-mile standard would be extended through 1981. A 1.0 grams-per-mile standard would take effect in 1982, but could be administratively waived by the Environmental Protection Agency up to a 2.0 level through 1985.

Congress is being asked to acquiesce in Detroit's demands for such an extension, despite studies showing that more than 4,000 deaths and 4 million days of illness are directly attributable to auto pollution each year. And new evidence suggests that oxides of nitrogen are linked to the atmospheric formation of nitroamines, among the most potent carcinogenic substances known.

Despite Detroit's claims that the present statutory standards are technically unfeasible, important breakthroughs in pollution control have been achieved—particularly by Volvo. The Swedish auto maker last fall began selling cars in California that are equipped with an advanced exhaust-cleansing device called a three-way catalyst. It is enabling the cars, at least during the early miles of their lives, to fulfill the stringent statutory standards that Detroit claims are unattainable. Moreover, the new, cleaner Volvos get 10 percent better mileage than previous models at an additional cost per car of only $50.

The American auto makers are trying to develop their own versions of the three-way catalyst, but although General Motors and Ford plan to install it on a very few cars next fall, they say the catalysts will not be mass-produced until the early 1980s. General Motors estimates it will raise prices of its cars by $70 to $110, depressing auto sales and the economy generally. But Americans are already paying $2.5 billion to $10 billion per year in extra health-care costs and in losses of productivity from pollution-induced illness. The real choice, then, is whether the costs of air pollution should continue to be paid by the nation as a whole or be shifted to those who choose to drive gas-guzzling automobiles.

Congress has a choice: it can ignore public health needs and the best scientific opinion on the subject, and accept



Liederman, Long Island Press

Detroit's demands for a waiver, or it can shut the industry down when the "technically unfeasible" standards for 1978-model cars become law this spring. Obviously, the auto makers believe that Congress will find the latter step politically and economically unpalatable—and they are probably right.

If this impasse is to be broken, Congress must take a number of hard lessons to heart. Timetables alone will not induce Detroit to produce clean cars. Each time a new emission standard has been established, the auto makers have sought an extension. Each time the government has forced Detroit to reduce pollution another notch, the industry has demanded that standards be frozen at that level.

Recognizing the need to reduce emissions still further, aware that clean-air technology is available, and frustrated by the series of deadlines that have never been met, some members of Congress now urge that a penalty be imposed on new, dirty cars and a rebate given to buyers of clean ones. The program, as outlined by Democratic Representatives Henry Waxman of California and Andrew Maguire of New Jersey, both members of the House environment subcommittee, would work something like this: Detroit would be allowed to produce cars with tailpipe emissions at any level it wished. However, a federally imposed penalty would be added to the sticker price equal to the cost of compliance with the statutory, clean-air standards. The more the car exceeded the standards, the greater the penalty. The money collected under this system would go into a fund that would pay cash rebates to buyers of cars cleaner than the standard. The greater the emission reduction achieved, the more money paid to the purchasers.

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Needless to say, Detroit adamantly opposes the penalty approach to auto pollution. On the theory that the best defense is offense, the auto makers are questioning how much autos contribute to air pollution, and how much that pollution affects health. They have mounted a major lobbying campaign against the health data on which air-quality standards are based. They maintain the data are too imprecise, and that by adopting a "worst case" approach the government has pursued a wasteful strategy. The National Academy of Sciences has twice reviewed the air-quality standards, and while it expressed dissatisfaction with the data on health effects, it saw no reason to change the standards governing overall air quality.

In view of Detroit's recalcitrance, the citizen may reasonably wonder how far the clean-up of auto emissions has progressed since the Clean Air Act was passed in 1970. How much further is it necessary to go to protect public health? What additional measures will governments have to impose, and at what cost?

Data gathered by the EPA show that pollution levels in most metropolitan areas across the country are decreasing, but not at the rate required by the 1970 Act. No major city this year will achieve the air-quality standards for auto pollutants deemed necessary to protect public health adequately. The statutory target date, already delayed two years, is May 31.

The auto makers bear the responsibility for this lag. Even now, says the EPA, so many cars are misadjusted and improperly maintained that the actual reduction in pollution is far less than it should be if smog-control devices were functioning properly. The agency in February took the unprecedented step of ordering Ford to stop producing a line of new Ford Granadas and Mercury Monarchs because their emission-control systems did not perform as they should. John R. Quarles Jr., EPA's acting administrator at the time the order was issued, said the cars were emitting eight times the permissible level of pollutants. In an attempt to block the sale of poorly performing cars, EPA is planning to conduct assembly-line testing. Still, even cars that pass such examination can be expected to deteriorate later as a result of tampering and poor maintenance.

Thus, keeping the cars clean from assembly line to junkyard is emerging as the ground for the next big battle after Congress resolves the question of standards. An EPA-backed bill awaiting action would require auto inspection and maintenance of emission-control systems in about thirty metropolitan areas. Such inspection-maintenance programs are mandatory now only in New Jersey, Portland, Ore., and Phoenix, Ariz. A pilot program is in operation in Riverside, Calif., and voluntary programs have been initiated elsewhere.

EPA estimates that inspection-maintenance and other so-called transportation controls, ranging from systematic development of car pools to a ban on cruising taxis, can reduce the volume of car fumes in a city by as much as 30 percent.

In New Jersey inspection-maintenance is showing appreciable results. Mandatory inspection, to make sure autos are properly tuned, was imposed in 1974. Three years later, according to EPA, the program has resulted in a 14 percent reduction in the airborne level of carbon monoxide, as well as an annual savings of 100 million gallons of gasoline. By contrast, New York has no inspection program for tailpipe emissions, with the result that air quality in the nation's biggest city is going from bad to worse. "Today, and every day, the people of New York City are breathing air that contains up to five times as much poisonous carbon monoxide as is considered healthful," EPA regional administrator Gerald M. Hansler wrote in a recent letter to Gov. Hugh Carey. "It is pointless," he said, "to blame Detroit alone for this problem. While the auto manufacturers bear a major share of the responsibility for cleaning up exhausts, the advent of the 'clean' car will not be enough—local programs to control congestion, check emissions and provide attractive mass-transit alternatives will remain essential." Hansler's office has condemned as "environmentally unsatisfactory" the $1.6-billion Westway project from the Battery to 42nd Street, calling it inconsistent with already approved plans to reduce auto use in Manhattan. The city's pollution problem is so serious that the U.S. Court of Appeals two months ago ordered its officials to stop wasting time and clean up the air. It instructed the city to impose tolls on twelve city-owned bridges leading into Manhattan over the Harlem and East Rivers, and to take other drastic measures to reduce auto traffic in the city. The politically unpopular measure of imposing tolls is being pushed at a time when the financially strapped city is curtailing bus and subway service, thus putting a further burden on working people in Queens, Brooklyn and the Bronx.

On the other hand, environmental planners have informed the city that its failure to reduce traffic congestion has caused the departure of scores of businesses from downtown Manhattan alone. The Manhattan Auto Study, sponsored by the City Club, found that traffic congestion costs businesses and travelers $1 billion a year in New York City, and increases shipping costs $150 million in the financial district. Traffic-thinning measures to reduce air pollution are being adopted by foreign cities as disparate as Singapore, Nagoya in Japan, Gothenburg in Sweden and Besançon in France. Singapore, for example, instituted a parking tax that cut rush hour traffic by 75 percent with no adverse economic effects.

EPA's original calculations when transportation controls first came to the fore in 1973 were that, even with all the exhaust controls required by the Clean Air Act, thirty-one metropolitan areas could never meet air quality standards unless auto traffic was restricted. Later, the list was enlarged to sixty cities. Prodded by lawsuits from environmental groups, EPA took some bold steps—forcing states to prescribe such measures as parking surcharges, banning cars from some streets, limiting the hours for truck deliveries, and designating preferential lanes for buses and car pools. These measures generated a mass of litigation challenging EPA's authority to dictate state actions. Lower federal courts handed down various rulings, and several appeals are currently before the Supreme Court. John Quarles of the EPA said legal challenges had dealt a crippling blow to the program, and that "unless

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some major changes are made, auto pollution may never be brought under control."

The result is that EPA has in practice abandoned its efforts to make states and cities comply with its strategies for reducing the volume of auto emissions. Instead, it is leaving the adoption of most measures to voluntary action, which means that the program is virtually suspended, awaiting new guidance from Congress.

Congress is expected to give states another five years to meet clean-air standards and five years beyond that for regions such as the Los Angeles basin, where smog is particularly severe, to comply. But stretching out the timetable will not change anything unless measures are taken meanwhile to reduce auto fumes.

Even without mandatory federal measures, states and cities have various incentives to act. For one thing, failure to reduce the use of gas-hungry cars will make the nation more dependent on foreign oil. More than a third of America's transportation-related energy is consumed by motorists driving in cities—and the energy is exclusively in the form of oil. By contrast, all urban mass transit—buses and subways—consume only 1 percent of the nation's transportation-related energy. Buses are six times as energy-efficient in transporting people as cars, and can be run by electricity. Trolleys are coming back to a number of cities, including Pittsburgh and Boston.

There are terrible costs—social, emotional, economic—in the diseases caused by air pollution. Quarles said recently: "Pollution kills. We aren't talking about esoteric values or obstruse aesthetics. We are talking about people in hospitals, people dying, people coughing and gasping for breath, people with cancer, emphysema, bronchitis, heart and lung disorders, or any of a score of other deadly and debilitating diseases."

To be paralyzed by the auto industry's recalcitrance and its deliberate manipulation of Congress is to admit the inevitability of polluting cars. The challenge is to build a strong popular movement to regain the right to clean air. But if that goal is to be won, the nation cannot be run as a company town. □

CO-OPTING THE THIRD WORLD ELITES

TRILATERALISM GOES TO WORK

KAI BIRD

President Carter's trilateral approach to foreign policy will meet its first test in the Middle East. The volatile issues posed by the Arab-Israeli conflict impose severe strains on the trilateral interdependence of America, Europe and Japan because of their competition for stable energy supplies. Carter's trilateral strategy—an outgrowth of his participation in David Rockefeller's Trilateral Commission—mandates a comprehensive peace settlement in cooperation with a rising regional power, Saudi Arabia.

Two factors that have developed during the last year make a comprehensive settlement a strong possibility: the willingness of new American leadership to cooperate with a number of regional powers around the world, hoping in that way to co-opt them into the international economic order; and the revival of Arab unity by a convergence of conservative oil regimes (Saudi Arabia) and the popular Pan-Arab moderates (Egypt and Syria). These two developments are related, both having matured under the guise of the energy crisis.

The most brazen articulation of the Trilateral world view occurs in the October 1975 issue of *Foreign Affairs*: "The United States and the Third World" by Tom Farer. He observes first:

> There was a creaming off and co-optation of the natural elite of the working class [in America]. Some members were drawn off early by opening the channels to higher education. . . . Their followers were pacified in very small measure by vicarious participation in the structure of power and in very large measure by receipt of slightly increased shares of a very rapidly growing pie. There is no evidence that any existing wealth was redistributed.

Farer goes on to suggest, by analogy, that the managers of the three major capitalist societies—America, Europe and Japan—can hope to co-opt and divide the Third World in the same way:

> For the most part, Third World elites are even less committed to human equality as a general condition of humanity than are we. They are talking about greater equality between states. And in their largely authoritarian systems, the state is they. . . . The central fact is that the overall number of people who have to be given a stake in the essential structures of the existing international economic system is relatively small.

Farer argues that a strategy of accommodation with a few Third World regional powers can effectively diffuse the strident demands of the current North-South negotiations. Saudi Arabia, Iran, Brazil, Venezuela, Mexico, Nigeria, India and Indonesia are cited as the "cream" of the Third World—countries rich in natural resources and ruled by middle-class native elites who have for the most part broken all ties to their impoverished masses in the countryside. Farer points out that, though many of these native elites have suffered personal humiliation at the hand of Western colonialism, their immediate economic aspirations are quite compatible with the existing international economic system.

Kai Bird has spent, all told, ten of the past fifteen years in the Middle East. In 1973 and 1974, he was writing weekly news reports from Yemen and Saudi Arabia for a Beirut news magazine, Sketch. *Before that he spent a year studying Arabic and Modern Arab History at the American University of Beirut.*

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Thus, to stabilize the international order, the United States must apply balm to the personal sores induced by past colonial humiliations, allow the native elites of these regional powers a very small measure of "vicarious participation in the structures of power," and "slightly" increased shares of the world's economic growth.

It does not matter that the vast majority of humanity —and indeed, the majority of people even in these Third World regional powers—will have to remain outside the economic system. What is important is the marginal stabilization of that economic order, the buying of time for development of a wealthier system. Redistribution of present wealth and decentralized democracy have no place in such a system—and to the Trilateralist both ideals are deemed disruptive.

The assumption behind such a conciliatory approach to Third World elites is that the leadership which might supplant them could be much more substantively detrimental to basic American interests. Unlike the more conservative wing of the foreign policy establishment represented by Kissinger's crisis-management diplomacy, the liberals take a longer view. William Maynes expresses their concern in the July 1976 issue of *Foreign Affairs*. Maynes, a former secretary of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, was recently nominated to be Assistant Secretary for International Organizations at the State Department. He will probably play a leading role in U.S. relations with the United Nations and in the North-South dialogue. He writes:

> Like the moderate leadership in the American civil rights movement in the late 1960's, however, the moderate elements in the Third World have gone years without victories and urgently require some to prove that a moderate course can produce results. Otherwise, we can expect the extremists of international politics to take over.

The success or failure of this policy of co-optation of Third World elites will initially be determined by our relationship with the Arab oil producers—and Saudi Arabia in particular. Underlying Carter's energy policy is the assumption that Saudi Arabia can continue to be persuaded to produce oil at nearly three times the rate necessary to meet its external payments. The "special relationship" developed over the years between the Saudis and the Trilateral powers is mutually beneficial. Despite popular fears that they might whimsically cut off oil supplies, the Saudis are very much concerned that their oil diplomacy not lead to a radical disruption of the international economic order. Just as the United States needs time to develop alternative sources of energy, the conservative Saudi elite demand time to modernize their country gradually, without jeopardizing existing political structures.

It is not the price of oil as such but increased supply, that is linked by the Saudis to a Middle East peace settlement. The goal of American diplomatic efforts in the Middle East is not to lower oil prices but to insure stable supplies. Christopher Makins, deputy director of the Trilateral Commission, told *The New York Times* (October 19, 1976) that the price of oil will in the long term depend on the cost of producing alternative fuels. By this measure, the world market price of standard crude set by OPEC is already underpriced.

Given the dependence of the Trilateral powers on oil and the concentration of world reserves in the Middle East, price is simply a function of the budget requirements of the oil producers. Saudi Arabia controls the entire system because it is the only OPEC country with a significant shut-in capacity. The Saudis have a potential production capacity of around 18 million barrels per day, but are currently producing only 8.5 million barrels per day. Without Saudi Arabia's 108 billion barrels of proven reserves, the world would run out of oil well before the forecast year of 2017. All other OPEC nations are producing at maximum capacity; some, like Kuwait, will soon begin a steady decline in their production capacity. Only Saudi Arabia has the political option to cut supplies indefinitely without cutting its national budget.

The Trilateral powers are more vulnerable currently than ever before to the oil weapon. United States oil imports have tripled since the 1973 oil embargo, while domestic crude production is down 12 percent. More than 42 percent of the oil consumed in the United States in 1976 was imported. Even more disturbing to the authors of "Operation Independence" is the shift toward greater reliance on Arab OPEC oil and away from non-Arab sources. Imports of Saudi oil increased 45 percent in 1975, while imports of Canadian oil actually declined 21 percent. Saudi crude alone accounted in 1976 for more than 23 percent of U.S. imports.

The Saudis are the only members of OPEC who can afford, or who want, to use their oil supplies as a political weapon. That was demonstrated at the December 1976 OPEC conference in Doha, when the Saudis decided to increase their production levels in the face of universal OPEC opposition. Most energy experts predict that Saudi Arabia alone must increase its production each year by at least a million barrels a day just to meet normal world demand. The Saudis were demonstrating from Doha that they would lift their 8.5 million-barrel ceiling—but only in return for a comprehensive peace settlement.

The Trilateral approach to international energy policy recognizes the intra-vulnerability of the three major industrial powers to a Saudi production cutback, and America's Trilateral allies are uneasily aware that their supplies of Saudi crude are directly contingent upon President Carter's willingness to impose a comprehensive peace settlement. Dr. Mason Willrich, director of the International Division of the Rockefeller Foundation, recently told an audience of energy experts at Princeton University: "In discussions we have had with our European and Japanese allies, they have emphasized that they want the United States committed to stable Saudi imports—for their own protection."

The major strategy, according to the Trilateralists, is to entangle the Saudis with the Americans and assure them a stake in the established economic order. Genuine co-optation of Saudi Arabia entails the creation of a credible regional power. No one in Washington's small

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foreign policy clique talks about it, but Saudi energy resources, military muscle and investments in Western industry will give it considerable influence in whatever "world order" emerges from the Trilateral vision. This influence already extends beyond the Arab world. All of black Africa today receives more foreign aid from Saudi Arabia alone than from the United States. (The Saudis allocate more than 13 percent of their gross national product to foreign assistance, compared to only .29 percent by the United States.)

Carter's policy of mutual entanglement with the oil regimes is thoroughly documented in Trilateral Commission reports: "Energy: A Strategy for International Action" and "Energy: The Imperative for a Trilateral Approach." These reports outline a policy of cooperation with the oil producers on questions of both energy and a Middle East peace settlement:

> The Trilateral countries have to recognize that the question of the supply of oil cannot be separated from the existence of political conflict in the Middle East. The prospect that a new crisis would bring a new reduction or cutoff of Arab oil and again drive the consuming nations apart highlights the need for an early settlement and for an agreed American-European-Japanese approach to it.

The report specifically rules out the possibility of military action against the oil producers and says "attempts to deny food or other supplies will court political disaster." America's special relationship with the oil producers, says another of the Trilateral reports on energy, "should accord to them a place in international economic councils commensurate with their increased economic status." This is a clear reference to "vicarious participation in the structure of power" spoken of by Tom Farer.

There are immediate and long-range costs to any policy that attempts to guarantee oil supplies from the Middle East, but the Trilateral reports boldly state what no politician has been willing to tell the American people:

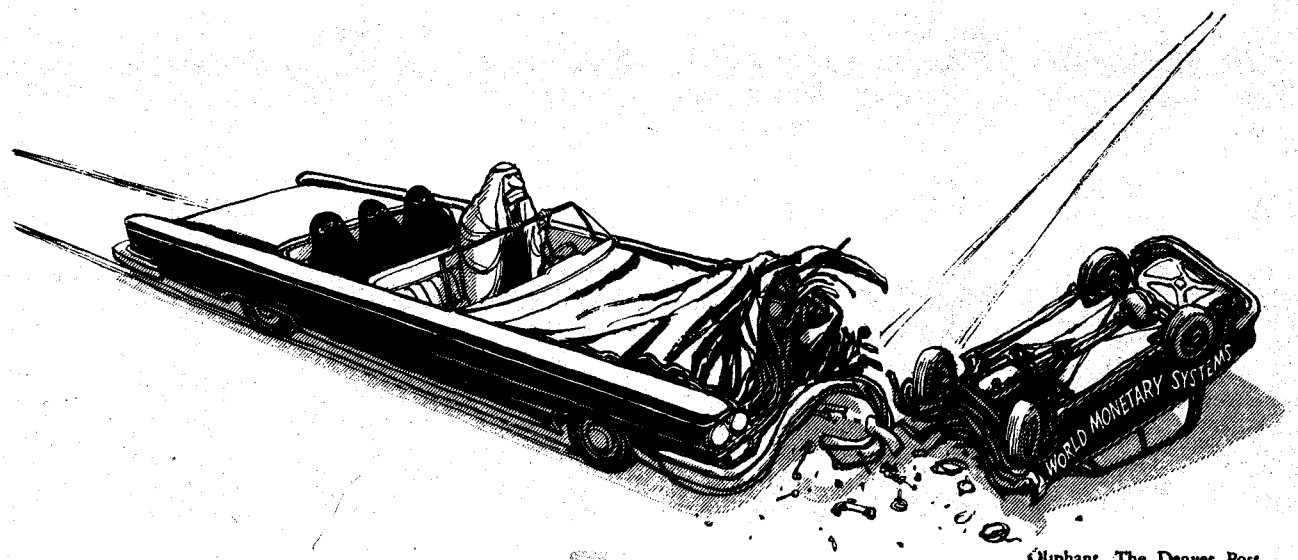
> The building of petroleum-related industries such as refining and petrochemicals in the producing countries is natural and inevitable. The consuming countries should provide help, *even though the temporary effect will be to add to OPEC's bargaining power, create competition for their own industries, and aggravate their situation regarding the cost and supply of oil products.* (Italics added.)

Unknown to the American people—and without any real public debate—quiet alliances are being negotiated on their behalf to secure necessary natural resources, and oil in particular, that are controlled by the autocratic elites of a few regional Third World powers. These alliances will not even pretend to benefit the vast majority of mankind or answer the increasing tension posed by ever greater polarization between the rich and poor.

The bridge between the Trilateral powers and regional powers like Saudi Arabia is the multinational corporation. Aramco (the Arabian American Oil Co., representing Mobil, Exxon, Texaco and Standard Oil of California) is an appropriate conduit for Trilateral diplomacy. "In the energy field," says Dr. Willrich, "we have to forge an alliance between the federal government and the oil companies. Our long-term energy shortage problems are so serious that we ignore oil only to our own peril. . . . One of the major problems will be to persuade the American people that they are not being ripped off."

Aramco is a perfect tool for Trilateral policy makers to integrate the Saudis into the international economic order. Aramco has created a company state in Saudi Arabia over the last forty years—much as Delaware is a preserve of the Du Pont Co. But Aramco has had the farsighted political good sense to forgo confrontation tactics in its dealings with the Saudi elite. The company has never humiliated the royal family and never blatantly usurped sovereignty, as did the French and British colonialists in the Middle East. The company has made itself indispensable to the production and marketing of oil, without openly transgressing the strict boundaries of Saudi culture and religion. Aramco long ago recognized the royal family's right to regulate the pace of modernization—a decision which allows the Saudi elite to manage gradually increasing demands for political participation.

In return, the Saudi monarchy has provided the com-



Oliphant, The Denver Post

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pany with long-term security in a country of unusual political stability. Even while the Saudis negotiate 100 percent ownership of the oil fields, Aramco expresses unshaken confidence that its special relationship with Riyadh will continue for many years.

James V. Knight, Aramco's vice president in Washington, D.C., recently told *National Reports* (October 9, 1976), a Washington magazine on government affairs and policy, "Rather than the so-called nationalization being a case of 'throw the rascals out,' you might say that Aramco is being strengthened all the time. They [the four oil company partners] are going to continue to market the oil."

Aramco is a strong structural factor conducive to Saudi cooperation with the Trilateral powers. But the volatile nature of the Arab nationalist movement could radically alter this "special relationship." Saudi relations with the United States are more fragile than they appear; for one thing, they are clouded by America's de facto alliance with Israel. The Saudis appear to need a comprehensive peace settlement just as desperately as does Israel, but their hands are tied on the Palestinian issue. The Palestinians are a direct internal political threat to the very existence of the Saudi monarchy, since yet another Arab defeat in confrontation with Israel could easily galvanize a right-wing or Qaddafi-style *coup d'état*. Or conversely, the successful establishment of a leftist and secular state in Lebanon or Palestine-Jordan threatens all conservative Arab regimes.

It is out of these fears that the Saudis have during the last year flexed their economic muscle to alter the course of Arab politics. Late last year they forced an abrupt end to the Lebanese civil war—first intervening to prevent a complete victory over the Christians by a coalition of leftist Muslim Lebanese and Palestinians, and then intervening again to save the PLO from annihilation. And they have now forged a reconciliation among Egypt, Syria and Jordan for the sole purpose of bringing a united Arab front—including a greatly emasculated and docile PLO—to the brink of a comprehensive peace settlement with Israel.

The assumption behind this flurry of Saudi diplomacy is that the United States has the leverage and commitment to impose a moderate peace settlement on Israel. The Saudis under King Khalid and Prince Fahd are doing what a more cautious King Faisal would have forbidden—they are gambling. They publicly demonstrate their willingness to increase oil production and their authority over the PLO, and in return fully expect the Trilateralists to exercise their leverage on Israel.

The settlement they envision is probably very close to the kind of peace outlined in a 1975 Brookings Institution report ("Toward Peace in the Middle East"), signed by both Zbigniew Brzezinski and William Quandt, his Middle East aide at the National Security Council. The Brookings report endorses a Palestinian state or entity in the West Bank and Gaza, with perhaps nominal Arab or international sovereignty over the Old City of Jerusalem. The Saudis probably are counting on the creation of a right-wing autonomous Palestinian state in the West Bank and Gaza that excludes the Marxist elements in the PLO, and is perhaps loosely federated with the Hashemite Kingdom in Jordan.

A moderate, cooperative Saudi monarchy cannot indefinitely survive—much less continue to supply more than half of America's annually increased oil needs—without a comprehensive Middle East peace settlement. United States policy is similarly pinned to the survivability of Anwar Sadat and Hafez Assad, both Arab moderates who have recently demonstrated their ability to smother Palestinian autonomy. In the absence of a peace settlement that defuses the Palestinian nationalist movement, none of these regimes can expect to remain on a moderate course. Saudi Arabia will inexorably be maneuvered into politically motivated cutbacks in oil production. The Trilateralists can be expected to work very hard to impose a comprehensive peace settlement on Israel, and to co-opt Saudi Arabia into the established international economic system. □

CASE HISTORY IN PROVIDENCE

The Quota Approach to Housing

J.S. FUERST & ROY PETTY

Across the country large public housing projects are almost without exception seen as subsidized warehouses for storing the blacks and the very poor, to keep them from spilling out into the suburbs. Even ardent social welfare promoters think of public housing projects as squalid, crime-infested, and no longer workable.

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But are they? If there is hope in this country for public housing or publicly subsidized housing (for they are both in a similar kettle today) much of it must spring from the example of Valley View Homes, an unimpressive cluster of sixty-four small buildings in the north end of Providence, R.I.

The Valley View story is important because, like it or not, publicly subsidized housing is certain to be part of our future. Our economy is rapidly reaching the point where private-market housing is beyond the reach of most moderate-income families. With housing starts in the country at a twenty-year low, and with rents and prices for new and used houses at an all-time high, urban

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families needing even moderately priced housing are desperate.

An alternate solution, probably a public solution, will have to be found. Everyone has read of public housing's disastrous failures; perhaps we had better start learning from its handful of successes—from Valley View Homes, for example.

Experts say the measure of any housing development's success is how well the tenants like it, and how willing they are to remain in it. By that measure, Valley View's success was proven in 1973, when the Providence City Council considered selling the entire project to a private developer for the bargain price of $1.6 million. The council held a public hearing, expecting little reaction, except perhaps for a few complaints from irate residents of the homes surrounding Valley View. Instead, the only people who showed up to testify were some forty residents of Valley View, who came to plead with the City Council to let them stay in their homes. They were willing even to pay higher rents, if need be, to meet the costs of the repairs that were the reason for selling the project. Valley View tenant Tom Gooch told the councilmen:

> I am proud of living at Valley View. I have lived there five years. I was born in Ireland and came over to the United States many years ago. My immediate neighbors, one is Portuguese, and another is black. We get on wonderful. I cannot understand why the city wants to sell this project. They will have to shoot me to get me out.

Alice Quinn, who had been in Valley View for four years, told the council, "I have *neighbors* like I had forty years ago, the old-fashioned kind, people who know you and care about you." And eight-year resident Henry Fortes, who is black, described for the council how integration worked at Valley View:

> My neighbors were from Athens, Ga., and when they first moved in I thought we might have some trouble because of my color. But we get along just fine. The lady takes my wife shopping in her car. The man is a truck driver and helped me fix my car. We drink beer together. . . .

The City Council could not ignore these testimonials, and the move to sell Valley View was defeated. The residents are still there, living peacefully together—without a single complaint from the surrounding middle-class neighbors—in a remarkable demonstration that public housing, under the right circumstances and with the right kind of management, can work.

By almost any measure, Valley View is a resounding success. The indicators:

¶ Occupancy rate is better than 95 percent and climbing rapidly toward full occupancy, a record almost any private landlord would envy.

¶ Turnover rate is low for public housing, about 10 percent a year, and according to project manager Bob McCormick a good number of the people move only when they've saved enough money to buy their own homes.

¶ Rents are low: in 1975 they ranged from $88 for a one-bedroom apartment to $105 for a three-bedroom apartment, at least 50 percent below private-market rents for comparable apartments in Providence.

¶ The buildings are no longer new, and badly need repainting, but they remain in relatively good condition, largely indistinguishable from the surrounding neighborhood; the tenants take an active part in the upkeep.

¶ The project is thoroughly integrated, not only by race but also by age, income and working-vs.-welfare status. That is not to say that prejudice has been banished from Valley View. Many of the whites are uneasy with blacks, but their desire to stay at Valley View is stronger than their prejudice.

Why is Valley View Homes so successful, when all over the country—even in Providence itself—much more costly and ambitious projects have failed? The buildings are well designed, but they are hardly palaces; they have, in fact, had more than their share of maintenance problems, including leaky roofs, failing boilers, inadequate wiring, and a considerable amount of peeling exterior paint. The management had to do some fast talking last year to get $400,000 in Federal Community Development Program funds through the Providence Housing Authority to fix the roofs and the heating systems (the repairs are now being made). Painting is next on the agenda, to be followed by new screen doors, window screens and some electrical work; manager McCormick hopes to obtain another $200,000 in Community Development funds this year for those projects. The fact that, despite these shortcomings, the residents are devoted to the project, makes it even more remarkable.

About 900 people, including 400 children, live in Valley View's 256 one-to-three-bedroom apartments, grouped in low-rise buildings scattered over eleven modestly landscaped acres. The families have an average annual income of $7,000, nearly a third less than the national median and even further below that of most big-city families. While many of the families are middle class, many are also relatively poor. About 25 percent of the households are families headed by women, the majority of whom are receiving Aid to Families with Dependent Children. About 20 percent of the households are elderly, most of whom receive either Social Security, pensions or disability income. About 20 percent of the residents are black; many others are foreign-born.

Valley View began, as did many other subsidized housing projects, as homes for war veterans. Edward Wexler, chairman of the Providence Veterans' Committee, took advantage of patriotic postwar sentiments in 1946 to win City Council approval of a city-financed project for low- and moderate-income veterans. In 1949, Valley View accepted its first tenants, rapidly achieved nearly full occupancy, and has generally remained well occupied and in demand ever since.

One unusual feature of Valley View, and a big factor in its eventual success, is that Providence built the $2.6 million project on its own, with no federal or state construction or amortization assistance. Therefore, instead of being forced to adhere to federal policy decisions and court rulings, the management has since been able to run the project as it thinks best. That includes the

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ability to choose tenants by judgment, as any private landlord would. This freedom of selection has enabled management to set up a good "mix" of tenants, which public housing administrators universally say is the key to any project's success. A balance of moderate-income and poor residents, or black and white, or working and welfare, or broken families and whole ones—not established by rigid rules but done strictly by judgment and good will—creates a better environment for everybody concerned.

Under these nearly ideal conditions, Valley View ran smoothly for twenty years, so inconspicuous that the city nearly forgot about it. Each year the project turned over $80,000 to the city to pay off the construction bonds, and was otherwise self-sufficient.

But, hard times came to Providence. The long-established furniture and jewelry industries began moving elsewhere, and the white middle class moved to the suburbs. The city's population dropped from 250,000 to 175,000, and the municipal budget became tighter and tighter as expenses rose and sources of tax revenue became more scarce. And by the late 1960s, Valley View was beginning to need extensive repairs, and promised to become yet another drain on the city's funds.

The Providence Housing Authority had increased the rents at Valley View in 1969, theoretically to help pay for repairs on the buildings; but the increase was quickly absorbed by growing routine maintenance costs, and the repairs were not made. The housing authority then tried for a second rent increase. This time the Tenants' Association fought back, declaring they were not willing to pay more rent until they saw tangible results in the form of basic physical renovations. The tenants took their case to the local press, and under public pressure, the Housing Authority withdrew the rent increase proposal.

At that point, Mayor Doorley announced that, if the tenants were unwilling to pay higher rents, the city had no choice but to rid itself of a financial burden by selling Valley View to a private real estate group. The tenants quickly realized that under private ownership rents would be vastly higher and most of them would have to move out. They decided that, unhappy though they were with the maintenance, they liked Valley View and wanted to stay. They hired a young lawyer, Walter Stone, who, with the aid of Richard Wise, director of the United Tenants' Organization, brought suit against the city to stop the sale. The Rhode Island Supreme Court issued an injunction barring the Mayor from selling the project until an ordinance approving the sale had been passed by the City Council—which required the public hearing described above.

Despite the City Council's vote to defer action, Mayor Doorley continued to insist that Valley View must be sold. But in 1974, he was voted out of office and replaced by Republican Vincent A. Cianci Jr., who during the election campaign had promised to keep Valley View as a city-owned project and to make the needed renovations. Cianci had written in the *Providence Journal* of his visit to Valley View, concluding with the observation that the only vandal in the project was the city of Providence—for allowing the homes to deteriorate. After a year, Cianci fulfilled his promises to the residents by helping provide the $400,000 for the repair of roofs and heating systems. He wanted to make Valley View a "showplace" project; he also wanted to keep the friendship of the residents, who had voted heavily for him. Now, as the funds are coming in, maintenance is gradually improving to the point that apartments once vacant because of leaky roofs are being renovated and occupied. Manager McCormick confidently predicts that before long every single apartment in the project will be filled.

Other than the defeat of Doorley and the election of Cianci, Bob McCormick may be the best thing that has happened to Valley View in recent years. One tenant commented that "When McCormick promises you something, he is a man of his word." He came to the project in January 1975, from the Housing Authority's accounting department, and quickly proved himself a conscientious and sensitive manager. He rides a motorcycle around the project every day (in good weather), keeping an eye on tenant and maintenance problems; he plays basketball once a week with youngsters in the project and encourages sports activities among the children. Since his appointment, thirty-seven vacant apartments have been renovated and occupied. He has also made an attempt to increase gradually the number of black tenants in the project, but with care to keep white residents from stampeding out of the project. "One of the best things about this job," McCormick said, "is the fact that I do my own tenant selection. . . . I try to have the best tenant selection, and right now I have a good-sized waiting list."

Keeping a stable racial and family mix is probably the most difficult task faced by any public-housing manager. McCormick says, "I don't refuse anyone without a good reason, but you can't have 100 percent welfare tenants or black tenants—or white tenants, for that matter." In other words limits—arbitrary, perhaps, but rational and sensitive—must be set. For example, of the last thirty families McCormick accepted into the project, half were families with two parents and children, and one-fourth were aged families. The quality of the families is high and the density per apartment is reasonable.

Tenants agree that the mixture of races, incomes and family situations is necessary for the success of the project. Jean Barnes, a young black mother of two, agreed reluctantly that McCormick's arbitrary racial balancing was necessary: "I would have to favor a limit [on the number of black families]. It isn't the right thing to do. It isn't democratic. But it is necessary if we're going to keep the project a good one. If too many black families move in, white families will move out, and this project would become another Chad Brown or Roger Williams."

Down the street, Rosa Armaganian joked about the mixing of races and ethnic groups in the project. "I'm a product of a mixed marriage myself—half Armenian and half Russian. When you are this way the Armenians call you Russian and the Russians call you Armenian. Better it should be all the same. But you know, I think we all gotta live together. We work with blacks, we go to school with them, and we live with them. . . . It's a

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good project. Lots of different kinds of people. . . ."

What is even more remarkable, some whites in the project do not like living with blacks—and yet they stay. One elderly Irish couple was unhappy about some of the black families in apartments near their own; but rather than move out, they asked to transfer to a different apartment. In their new home, they still have black neighbors—but the couple like their new neighbors. A young Italian family man, a surgical nurse who grew up at Valley View, thought the project was not as good as it had been twenty years earlier, when he was a child: there were too many blacks and too many troublesome teen-agers. But despite what he saw as drawbacks, he thought the living conditions for his family were better at Valley View than they would be in any other place where he could afford the rent.

And indeed, there is a chemistry in the project that has somehow made it possible for an astounding variety of people—most of whom need and want low-rent housing—to live together in peace, stability and with the sense of community and belonging that is the magic ingredient for a good housing project—or a good neighborhood of any kind.

Is Valley View one of a kind? Can its resounding success be repeated elsewhere? The answer is that it *can* be repeated, in fact *has been* repeated in a number of places. Tucked away unnoticed in quiet corners of many cities across the country are public housing projects and privately owned, publicly subsidized apartments whose experiences have been similar to Valley View's: the North Beach project in San Francisco, Belle Plaines in Chicago, West Bluff in Kansas City, New York's Wise Houses and Twin Towers West, St. Louis' La Clede Houses, and many others, all of which have gone too long unnoticed.

Valley View's success rests on a principle that not a few people will find "undemocratic and unfair." It is that quotas should be maintained, and that some people should be excluded from subsidized housing for the greater good of the project.

While quotas are most certainly undemocratic in one sense, they are nonetheless necessary as a "temporary" expedient. In dealing with public policy questions we frequently must settle not for the greatest good but for the least detrimental choice among several. Chief Justice Burger commented in 1971, in defense of racial quotas for the Charlotte-Mecklenburg (N.C.) schools, that "the use made of mathematical ratios was nothing more than a starting point in the process of shaping a remedy rather than an inflexible requirement."

Two facts cannot be ignored. First, when in any housing area the number of minority families increases to some critical "tipping point," the white families will all move out, and the housing will quickly become a new ghetto; the same is true of families with multiple social problems. Second, there is very little low-rent subsidized housing in this country. Were there more, it would be only a matter of distributing families equally, according to the best social equations; but that is not yet the case. And before more subsidized housing will be built, it must be proven that what we have can work.

If excluding housing applicants solely on the basis of race, income or social characteristics seems harsh and unfair, it is still less harsh than extending segregation and incubating growing social problems in a ghetto supported at public expense. For the time being, the quotas are necessary as "a starting point in the process of shaping a remedy."

Once we get rid of the notion that a publicly subsidized low-rent housing project must be a grim quasi-prison for the most wretched of the poor—a publicly funded ghetto where tenants must learn to expect misery and squalor—then perhaps we can pattern future projects after Valley View providing, finally, what public housing was supposed to be: decent, inexpensive homes for the poor and moderate-income citizens of the nation. □

A BORN-AGAIN POVERTY PROGRAM

PHIL PRIMACK

Reports that the federal poverty program is totally dead may be premature, but it urgently needs leadership and revitalization if its life is to be much worth saving. Born with a flourish and high hopes in 1964, the program just managed to survive eight years of Republican neglect and outright assault. With Carter elected, weary backers of poor people programs felt safe enough to emerge from the trenches. Happy days were maybe not quite here, but at least the sniping had stopped.

However, doubts soon developed as to just what the new administration's attitude was to be toward the federal anti-poverty agencies, specifically the Community Services Administration (CSA), the revamped and much-reduced GOP version of what had been the OEO, the Office of Economic Opportunity. Carter, after all, had campaigned hard against the bureaucracy, and here was CSA with a staff of nearly 1,000 and a budget of $511 million in a condition of near paralysis after years of attack and mismanagement. Would it be best to merge what active programs remained into such other agencies as HEW? Or perhaps the CSA machinery should be scrapped altogether. Though poor and minority voters helped win the White House for Carter, the mood of the country has changed and the disadvantaged are not a very popular group right now.

Carter aides say such speculation was off the mark. "I haven't heard anyone in this administration recommend the elimination of the CSA," said Frank Raines, the member of the Domestic Council who works most

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closely with the issue. As a matter of fact, he said, "Without an initiative from this administration, it's clear the agency would have just kept stagnating."

Defensive reaction from people at CSA was perhaps understandable, Raines realized; they had been looking over their shoulders for a long time. However, it seems clear that a commitment has been made to continue CSA as an independent entity. "There will be an advocating for the poor in this administration," Raines promised, but added that the exact nature of that advocating, and the precise role of CSA, cannot be gauged "until the situation stabilizes" over at CSA.

Named to do the stabilizing and proceed from there is Graciela Oliveras, now the state planning officer for New Mexico and a "poor people's representative" on the original National Advisory Council that created OEO in 1964. Ms. Oliveras has been active in Chicano affairs, ran an urban program at the University of New Mexico and before that a food program in Phoenix. She is a lawyer and has been a consultant for the National Urban Coalition. Because her appointment is not yet official, Oliveras declined to be interviewed. People who know her say she can be a tough administrator, though some worry that she might be overwhelmed by the long-neglected problems at CSA. The task awaiting her is immense, according to the few CSA veterans who have been with the poverty program from the start.

Raines and other administration sources say that Oliveras's own recommendations will largely determine the future course of CSA. "We can put some new blood over there," Raines said. "CSA didn't get a political director or a time server. It's no longer a case of bad people trying to do CSA in; it's good people asking them, now what can they get going. What are they going to do as advocates for the poor? They can't just worry about keeping their jobs."

Oliveras must untangle Republican ropes that have restrained and outright strangled some of CSA's most significant programs and personnel. She is also supposed to make CSA a federal initiator of and advocate for programs for the poor. According to the old-timers, she must move fast in two serious problem areas. First, she must eliminate, or at least neutralize, the technocrats and political hacks who came into CSA in the last few years, primarily to destroy the operation. And, second, she must look thoroughly into the network of Community Action Agencies (CAAs), which are the main operating units for CSA and other low-income programs.

As for the first, Oliveras must "watch out for all the kiss-asses around here," an experienced staffer said. "It's not a partisan thing, but she has to listen to the Democrats who have survived—and I don't mean the born-again Democrats." He specifically noted that it was the rank and file, working through the CSA employees' union, that had managed to generate sufficient court and Congressional action to halt Nixon's dismemberment of the entire program. "Generally, the people most active in the union are also those most concerned with good programs," another CSA veteran said.

In a memo to Presidential assistant Joseph Aragon, who formulated the initial CSA position at the Carter White House, the CSA union observed that "it would be ironic indeed if Nixon and Ford should succeed in having a Democratic President destroy [CSA] in response to Republican mismanagement." The union urged the appointment of a director and deputy director with "a high degree of management skill" and political experience and "with a concern for the poor." Union sources express tentative satisfaction with the probable appointment of Oliveras. Speaking of the new administration, a union member said: "They seem to understand that this place has been a dumping ground for Republican appointees" with little understanding of, let alone commitment to, the needs of this nation's 30 million or more poor. The memo to Aragon also charged that many CSA grants in recent years were made "to gain political support for the Republican Party. . . . The agency has enough evidence in its own files to fire those responsible."

In a sense, a time bomb planted by Howard Phillips and subsequent Republican directors continues to tick. Many of the appointees are protected by civil service and other guarantees, some of them the result of the union's own actions against Phillips's crew. However, there are ways for Oliveras to clear out much of the deadwood. But then questions remain: just how much of a poverty program is left? And is it even worth saving?

Back in the 1960s, some former VISTA workers in eastern Kentucky wrote new words to the old tune of *Aunt Rhody*—"Go tell Sarge Shriver the poverty war is dead." Appalachian activists felt that any real solution to poverty lay in basic political and economic change. For preaching that truth, some were ruled seditious. Eventually, VISTA and OEO responded to the hostility of public and private interests by toning down the programs. When Congress passed the Green amendment, effective control over local poverty programs, and over the federal funds which fed them, moved into city halls and county courthouses. Poor people may still have had programs, but they no longer had any direct power of control.

Today about 900 CAAs scattered throughout the country manage low-income programs and ostensibly act in the interest of their poor constituents. The bulk of CSA's budget goes to administer these CAAs and the programs they operate. Performance of the CAAs, and CSA's monitoring of them, is Oliveras's other big problem.

The CAAs, which will spend approximately $1.6 billion in 1977 (CAAs receive other public and private funds, though CSA is their largest single financial backer) have "given a voice to the poor and minority people in determining their own priorities at the local level." So says a draft prepared for Aragon by the Center for Community Change in Washington. They have also "prodded and pressured local governments that were relatively insensitive to their poverty constituents." In the process, "the development of leadership among minorities and the poor was perhaps the most historic" corollary.

Collectively, the CAAs are now a strong lobbying force; they have hired a Washington lawyer to work for the continuation of CSA and the CAAs (the lawyer, Harry McPherson, a former colleague of current HEW Secretary Joseph Califano, says his fee is not coming out of federal funds, but he was not certain just where it was com-

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ing from). The leadership of the "CAP World," as the collective group calls itself, is comprised for the most part of black CAA directors, though a majority of the nation's, and the CAA's poor are white. Some CAP World spokesmen expressed displeasure at Oliveras's appointment, because she would be the third Chicano in a row to direct the CSA. "We felt that position properly belonged to a black," one CAA head from Alabama said. He thought Oliveras's confirmation hearings might "be like Griffin Bell's," in that, though confirmation is likely, they will be used to raise issues.

A dominant figure in the CAP World is Wilbert C. Russell, president of the National CAA Directors Association and director of a New Jersey CAA. "The benign neglect of the poor over the past twelve years constitutes one of the cruelest hoaxes ever perpetrated by a national government upon a large segment of its citizenry in the annals of man," Russell told a House subcommittee that was evaluating CSA. It was heavy language; Russell and other CAP World spokesmen insisted that CSA should be continued, though it needed to act more strongly and efficiently for the CAAs.

Two days later, members and staff of the committee (it was chaired by black Rep. Cardiss Collins of Chicago) sharply questioned CSA officials about alleged improprieties in certain CAAs, including Russell's. Charges that Russell and others were flying first class, of trips to Europe, of color TV set purchases and other financial and programmatic mismanagement were answered by CSA acting director Robert Chase and his assistants with lame remarks about audits being made and allegations checked.

Russell and others contend that they are being systematically harassed. Denying the specific charges against him, Russell insisted they are motivated by the fact that "we're activists, trying to make changes. I've been investigated a dozen times by government agencies and nothing conclusive has ever been found."

Whether true or not, the improprieties alleged against Russell and other CAA directors, combined with CSA's apparent failure to settle them one way or the other, has put a cloud over all the CAAs and their programs. It has also further weakened the broad Congressional support formerly enjoyed by OEO. Today, CAA's strongest defenders are white conservative politicians, particularly ones in the South.

In fact, the Alabama CAAs had designated March 23, as George Wallace Appreciation Day. Macon County, Alabama CAA director Peter Balogun said that that reflects the political power of the CAAs, as well as their acceptance by formerly intransigent foes. "You insulate yourself from criticism once you produce," the Nigerian-born Balogun explained. "We now call the shots because of the folks we're serving. [Local officials] have to look up to us because we're delivering. Advocacy can take several forms. If you just keep advocating and hitting a brick wall, you do nothing for anyone. Instead, we can go to the people in power and say, Hey, give us the money—we can deliver."

This can be interpreted as political power based on back-scratching: the white establishment provides money and support; the CAAs keep the poor satisfied, and quiet. However, Balogun also said, "I'm not compromising with power brokers. I get very unpopular with them." But, he adds, CAAs are now effective because they're not preoccupied with skirmishing for survival. "A lot of old people didn't freeze to death this winter because we were able to deliver."

The great majority of CAAs provide at least some services that would otherwise be unavailable to the poor. But are they innovating local programs for long-term elimination of the roots of local poverty? Unfortunately, questions of that scope are currently submerged beneath the almost Byzantine hassling that pervades the CAP World and, therefore, the CSA.

The squabbling centers on the corruption charges; it is almost a case of "good guy" CAAs against "bad guy" CAAs. One major foe of Russell and other CAP World leaders is David Bradley who heads Communities in Action Together, a Washington lobbying and liaison organization for a number of CAAs and others. "I'm convinced that at least 90 percent of the CAAs are effective and honest," Bradley said. "But that still means eighty-five or ninety which may be questionable, or are at least not truly meeting the needs of the poor." CSA must "wipe out CAA officials who don't respond to the poor or who are outright corrupt." Bradley noted that, although few CAAs are involved in possible corruption (in fact, only one CAA head has ever been convicted for misconduct), those few are "hurting all the others. We have passed the point of credibility and return, in Congress and elsewhere, if CSA cannot clean up its own operations."

A GAO report expected soon will probably heap more criticism on CSA for poor monitoring and regulation of some programs. As to just why CSA has been so lax, no one seems quite sure. After all, many of the horror stories making the rounds now were first developed by Phillips and his hatchet crew. Why aren't those who remain using the material to move in for the kill?—particularly since Congressional enthusiasm seems to be waning along with public interest.

"I've wondered about that a lot," said a long-time CSA staffer. And, he said, he had to conclude that "quite simply, someone's being paid off, one way or another."

Whatever the reasons, the fact remains that the combination of internal back-stabbing, apparent stagnation and charges of corruption has made the agency an object of reluctant support at best. The draft submitted by the Center for Community Change said that in the field, much of the action has become "institutionalized, sani-

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tized and made 'safe.'" Community action has "lost much of its drive, energy and sting. . . . A large number of CAA directors—perhaps a majority—are mediocre, indecisive and unimaginative. . . . 'Getting along,' whether it be with city hall or with other pressure groups, is more a priority to them than bringing about institutional and community change." The report was largely written by a former high OEO official.

After thirteen years, the poverty operation has indeed become a bureaucracy, requiring massive paperwork that often intimidates and scares off the sponsors of potentially effective programs at the local level. CSA has lost a large part of its will to back innovative, experimental programs dealing with low-income problems and needs. "This place has to get back to the basic goals and objectives of being an anti-poverty agency," said Robert Czapiewski, who has been with the poverty program since 1964. "It has to get away from paperwork and free itself of the technocrats who have been moved in here." Czapiewski himself has somehow managed to keep alive and functioning within CSA a $27.5 million food and nutrition program. Hunger was one of the main concerns which prompted OEO's creation in the first place, but today he has a staff consisting of one secretary to manage 700 hunger and nutrition programs.

Such are the facts facing Graciela Oliveras and staff. The Carter administration apparently intends to give her eventual recommendations major consideration when it determines what future CSA is to have and in what form. "People expect no more than miracles from her," said David Bradley. "She's going to have to produce no less than miracles." □

AFTERMATH OF A WITCH HUNT

New York's 'Subversive' Teachers

IRVING ADLER & BENJAMIN M. ZELMAN

On December 1, 1976, the Board of Education of New York City voted to reinstate ten teachers who had been dismissed during the political heresy hunt and purges of the 1950s. Thirty-three others, dismissed during the same period, had already been reinstated in 1973.

The dismissal and subsequent reinstatement of these teachers cast light on the meaning of the American tradition of freedom of thought, enunciated most clearly by Mr. Justice Jackson when, speaking for the majority of the United States Supreme Court in its 1943 decision in *West Virginia State Board of Education* v. *Barnette*, he said:

> If there is any fixed star in our constitutional constellation, it is that no official, high or petty, can prescribe what shall be orthodox in politics, nationalism, religion, or other matters of opinion or force citizens to confess by word or act their faith therein.

But the mere enunciation of this tradition, even by the Supreme Court, is no assurance that it will always be observed. Freedom of thought was violated during the cold war, as it had been several times before in American history—in the jailing of Jeffersonian Republicans under the Alien and Sedition Acts of 1798, the dismissal of Socialist and pacifist teachers during World War I, and of alleged Communist teachers during the 1940s. As the twenty-five-year fight of the New York teachers shows, safeguarding freedom of thought requires vigilance, struggle and sometimes sacrifice. If the struggle is continued long enough it can be successful.

Of the teachers who were dismissed from the New York schools during the 1950s, some were officers and executive board members of the old Teachers' Union, known as Local 5 when it was in the American Federation of Teachers, AFL; and as Local 555 when it was in the United Public Workers, CIO. The others, also union members, were activists who led the union's organizing and other activities in individual schools. The union was distinguished for combining three types of activity: militant campaigns for higher salaries and improved working conditions; close cooperation with parents in black and Puerto Rican neighborhoods in attempts to improve the quality of local schools and promote what is now called an "affirmative action" hiring policy, and leadership in developing an educational policy that stressed the expansion of educational opportunity for disadvantaged minorities, the promotion of international understanding, and the eradication of anti-Semitism and racism.

The fact that prominent union members were singled out for attack suggests that a major purpose of the dismissals was to destroy the Teachers' Union and thus silence its criticisms of an inept and corrupt administration and school board. Furthermore, twice during the wave of dismissals the union itself became the explicit target: in 1950, by the Board of Education's Timone resolution depriving the union of rights enjoyed by other teacher organizations; in 1952, by an "investigation" of the union by the Senate Internal Security Committee.

The dismissals and the attacks on the union were part of a national "anti-Communist" campaign. As part of this wider campaign they too had a wider purpose. The witch hunt of the 1950s had two sources. One was a continuation into the postwar period of the prewar opposition to the New Deal carried out by anti-labor, anti-

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Semitic and racist Congressmen under the banner of "anti-communism." The second source was Truman's reversal of foreign policy from wartime collaboration with the Soviet Union to the cold-war policy of hostility toward the former ally, and of opposition to national independence movements by former colonies and semi-colonies as manifestations of alleged Communist aggression.

To make this reversal of American policy acceptable to the American people it was necessary to classify ideas of peace and friendship with the USSR as unthinkable thoughts that must be banned. In 1947, Truman issued Executive Order 39835 which called for a loyalty investigation of federal employees and authorized the Attorney General to furnish names of organizations or associations designated as "totalitarian, Fascist, Communist or subversive." Membership in, or affiliation or "sympathetic association" with, such groups were grounds for dismissal. These two sources gave to the repressive measures of the 1950s their principal character. They were directed against people who advocated what today would be described as "integration" and "détente." In the field of education they had the specific purpose, as expressed by the NEA Educational Policies Commission, of making the schools an "instrument of national policy." That explains why the Senate Internal Security Committee, in its book, *Subversive Influence in the Educational Process*, cited as evidence against the Teachers' Union the fact that its newspaper recommended books, plays, films and radio programs that might be used by teachers in lessons designed to combat anti-Semitism and racism and to promote racial harmony and international understanding.

Recent Congressional disclosures reveal what the government was doing behind the "anti-Communist" smoke screen: FBI disruption of civil rights organizations; CIA plots to assassinate heads of state and "destabilize" and overthrow democratically elected governments; direct American military intervention, as in the Dominican Republic and Vietnam. This cold-war policy continued for twenty-five years with diminishing public support until it blew up in our faces in the disastrous war in Vietnam and the conspiracy against democratic government revealed by the Watergate scandal.

The assault on freedom of thought in the New York schools began in two ways. One was the passage in 1949 of the Feinberg Law, which provided for the dismissal of teachers who belonged to "subversive" organizations. The law was a grotesque comedy with tragic consequences. The humor was provided by the "Declaration of Policy" that the state legislature adopted as a preamble to the law. While the law itself made a gesture toward due process by providing that an organization might defend itself at a hearing before being dubbed "subversive," the preamble offered findings before any hearings had been held. It extended the legal principles of *Alice in Wonderland* from "Sentence first—verdict afterwards" to "Verdict first—trial afterwards" by stating that the legislature "finds and declares that there is common report that members of subversive groups, and particularly of the Communist Party and certain of its affiliated organizations, have infiltrated into public employment in the public schools of the state." It also found "that members of such groups frequently use their office or position to advocate and teach subversive doctrines," and it made the absence of evidence for such a charge the most sinister evidence supporting it by saying, "The legislature finds that such dissemination of propaganda may be and frequently is sufficiently subtle to escape detection in the classroom."

The Teachers' Union and some individual teachers and parents, as plaintiffs in a court test, immediately challenged the constitutionality of the law. They won the first round of a series of court battles when, in December 1949, the Kings County Supreme Court held the law unconstitutional. They lost three later rounds when that decision was reversed by the Appellate Division in March 1950, and the Appellate Division was upheld, first by the New York Court of Appeals in November 1950, and then by the United States Supreme Court in October 1951. Reflecting the mood of the times, the Supreme Court ruled that inquiry into the political beliefs of employees, with an eye to weeding out subversives, was indeed constitutional—a decision reversed by the Court in the different atmosphere of the mid-1960s.

The New York Superintendent of Schools, William E. Jansen, initiated in 1948 his own inquiry into the political beliefs and associations of teachers. Many teachers, holding that the inquiry was a violation of their First Amendment rights—and, indeed, illegal under state law, since section 26a of the New York Civil Service Law says: "No person shall directly or indirectly ask . . . the political affiliation of any employee in the civil service of the state or of any civil division or city thereof . . ." —refused to answer questions about their political beliefs. These teachers were then tried and dismissed on a charge of "insubordination and conduct unbecoming a teacher." One of them, the first to be tried, had also been charged with membership in the Communist Party.

A petition to halt the superintendent's inquiry was presented to the New York State Commissioner of Education. In 1952 Commissioner Wilson ruled that the inquiry was legal, and his opinion was upheld in *Adler* v. *Wilson* by the Appellate Division in 1953. After these decisions, a new problem arose when some teachers answered the superintendent's questions about their own political beliefs and associations, but refused to say anything about other people's acquaintances or affiliations. On March 17, 1955, the Board of Education adopted a resolution requiring teachers to be informers or face dismissal. On August 8, 1956, state Commissioner Allen, who had succeeded Wilson, ruled that a teacher may not be dismissed for refusal to inform, and this decision was upheld by the courts. Nevertheless, some teachers who had been suspended for remaining silent about their associates were later dismissed.

For a while, the board, having become impatient with the procedure of questioning, suspension, trial and dismissal, took a shortcut to dismissal with the help of witch-hunting Congressional committees. It worked as follows: A teacher was called for questioning about his political beliefs by a Congressional committee. The committee would not accept the First Amendment as justi-

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fication for a refusal to answer the questions. In most instances, a teacher could avoid being jailed for contempt only by invoking the clause of the Fifth Amendment that protects against self-incrimination. (There was one exception: Adler, while his appeal to the commissioner was pending, was able to invoke the due process clause of the Fifth Amendment.) A teacher who invoked the Fifth Amendment was then dismissed *without trial* by the Board of Education. It claimed the authority to do so under section 903 of the New York City Charter, which mandated automatic dismissal of any employee who refused to testify *about the performance of his official duties* on the ground that it might incriminate him.

A turning point in the witch hunt came when the Board of Education that had initiated and carried through the political dismissal of teachers was itself dismissed. It was removed as of September 20, 1961, by the state legislature after Governor Rockefeller called attention to disclosures of incompetence, neglect, mismanagement and corruption. The new board, on August 22, 1962, reinstated four teachers who had been suspended for refusing to be informers. However, it did nothing at that time to reverse the earlier dismissals.

During the 1960s significant changes in the temper of the country prepared the way for the eventual reinstatement of the dismissed teachers. A steady shift in public opinion could be seen in the growth of the civil rights movement and the movement to end the war in Vietnam. "Integration," "affirmative action" and "détente," which had been the "subversive" ideas espoused by the dismissed teachers, were on their way to becoming government policy. Meanwhile parallel changes occurred in the politics of New York City. The political strength of the black and Puerto Rican population was growing, and that was reflected in the composition of the Board of Education and the city administration.

Reinstatement became a possibility when, in 1967, the United States Supreme Court in *Keyishian* v. *Board of Regents of the University of the State of New York* reversed its earlier decision and declared the Feinberg Law unconstitutional; and when, in 1968, in *Gardner* v. *Broderick* and in *Uniformed Sanitation Men's Assn. Inc.* v. *Commissioner of Sanitation*, the Court ruled that section 903 of the New York City Charter was unconstitutional. Thirty-three dismissed teachers then applied to the Board of Education for reinstatement. When the board failed to act, the teachers filed an appeal with the Commissioner of Education. The commissioner dismissed the appeal but suggested that the teachers reapply to the board. They did so, and again the board took no action.

Meanwhile a California court case set a precedent that made further court action possible. In 1971, the California Supreme Court ruled in *Monroe* v. *Trustees of the California State Colleges* that, if a person had been dismissed from public employment under a law that was later declared unconstitutional, that person could apply for reinstatement. The thirty-three teachers began proceedings in July 1972 in the Kings County Supreme Court, asking for reinstatement with back pay. Faced with the possibility of a court order in the case, the board began to move. In 1972 it adopted a resolution authorizing itself to reinstate the dismissed teachers, without back pay but with restoration of some pension rights. In 1973 the thirty-three teachers were reinstated and retired. Petitions for reinstatement were then filed for fifteen more teachers, including five who had died before 1972 and were represented by their estates. The board voted on December 1, 1976, to reinstate the surviving ten and retire them effective as of September 7, 1976. (By that time one of them had also died.) Teachers dismissed by the Board of Higher Education under section 903 applied for reinstatement in 1968. No action has yet been taken on their petition.

What was the overall effect of the wave of political repression that hit the New York schools between 1948 and 1962? *The New York Times* of January 24, 1967, reported that, according to official sources, the political inquisition resulted in the termination of the services of 378 school or college teachers in New York by dismissal, resignation or early retirement. Tragedy struck early during the inquisition. In 1948, Minnie Gutride, a first-grade teacher in Staten Island, was called out of her classroom without notice to be questioned by law secretary Nicholas Bucci and Asst. Supt. John F. Conroy. Frightened and shaken by her experience, Mrs. Gutride committed suicide that night.

The teachers who were dismissed suddenly found themselves not only jobless but blacklisted in their profession. Each went through a period of financial distress while trying to gain a foothold in a new profession. However, as board member Arthur Levitt, the present Comptroller of New York State, said, when as trial examiner for some of the teachers he recommended their dismissal, "These are indeed teachers of a high order of ability." They scattered into a variety of occupations, most of them related to teaching, where they served with distinction. They became private schoolteachers, college teachers, librarians, psychologists, psychoanalysts, photographers, authors, printers, salesmen, merchants and manufacturers.

While the dismissed teachers and their families sustained an initial loss of income accompanied by varying degrees of emotional stress, the principal loser from the dismissals was the City of New York. It lost during that period the atmosphere of free inquiry that is essential to the best teaching. It lost also 378 of its best teachers during a critical time when those teachers were badly needed. They were the very ones who had maintained a high level of morale in a teaching staff working under difficult conditions, and who had succeeded in building a bridge of understanding between the school and the community. The morale of the teachers and the bridge of understanding between school and community have yet to be rebuilt.

The present Board of Education is to be commended for acting to correct a long-standing injustice. We hope that it will extend its action to include as well the teachers who died before 1972. We hope, too, that the Board of Higher Education will follow the example set by the Board of Education. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Attitude of Anarchism

TAYLOR STOEHR

The first part of this essay on Paul Goodman appeared in The Nation *of March 26.*

The decade of Goodman's greatest fame and influence began with the publication of *Growing Up Absurd*. The book was originally planned as a study of juvenile delinquency, commissioned by a publisher who realized, on seeing the completed manuscript, that it was not the quick cash-in on a voguish subject that he had bargained for. Goodman kept the advance and once again began to hunt for a publisher. If his count can be trusted, sixteen others also failed to recognize a best seller. Then Norman Podhoretz at *Commentary* and Jason Epstein at Random House "discovered" him. Overnight it was no longer juvenile delinquency that was faddish but Goodman himself.

Goodman had said in the early 1940s, "*this* time the duration will last longer than the war!" By 1959 it was no joke. The reason *Growing Up Absurd* was so popular—and remains in print almost twenty years later—is not because it focused on the plight of young men trying to find their manhood but because it was the first book to show how modern American society systematically thwarts and betrays its youth by not providing a viable community to grow up in. Goodman did not claim that the cold war was responsible for this disaster; the war mentality was simply the continuing international manifestation of the lives we all led, and the institutions we all served. At this level, his view was precisely that which he had held at the beginning of World War II. Since the emergency was now more obviously chronic rather than cataclysmic, public hysteria was not so widespread, which made for an audience ready to listen. As for Goodman himself, he had "the nerve of failure." Almost 50 years old, he complained that he had already missed out on everything he ever wanted. His tone was not so cocky but he was surer than ever of his ideas. Whatever the causes, his voice had become steadier, with less anxiety and more of his character in it, at the same time that the public had finally caught up with the ideas he had been propounding so long.

This opportunity to speak to a very large audience was totally unexpected, just as the whole phenomenon of the 1960s was a surprise. Goodman was quick to respond, for he had been brooding on his subjects for many years of "exile," but it is unlikely that he would have addressed himself so unwaveringly to social criticism during the next ten years had not the chance of an audience come upon him so suddenly, and been so emphatically a "second chance"—not so much to salvage his own career as to redeem its principles. Something of the sort must explain his writing so many essays and books of social commentary in spite of the fact that he did not "have the character for politics" and always thought of himself as an artist who should be devoting himself to the creation of "free works." He wrote no plays or fiction after the early 1960s, only the little poems he could jot down on the backs of envelopes as he waited in airport lobbies and empty hotel rooms for his ride to the campus.

It might seem obvious that a writer who finally finds his audience after many years of poverty and neglect would then busy himself to address it. But there is room for disagreement about whether his genius was for politics at all, or whether he betrayed his true calling to become a publicist. He himself felt the conflict, as I have been suggesting, and in the end he regretted his choice, though he continued to think it had been his duty to make it. What else could he have done? Among the handful of essentials to any artist are subject matter and audience. There was no way of avoiding the subject that forced itself on his generation, even if he could have turned away from the vast audience every writer dreams of.

At first he liked to think of himself as a gadfly who was also the philosopher of the movement. This unlikely combination suited his former reputation as the *bête noir* of the intelligentsia. Out of this self-image from the 1940s, which had plenty of truth in it, grew his activism of the 1960s, a sort of hit-and-run guerrilla tactic. "Cunning, fraud, or flight" had been the defensive posture; now, on the offense, it was one-night stands on the college campuses, picketing his publishers during the General Strike for Peace, tongue-lashing the military-industrial complex in Washington. Moment by moment there was excitement and justification, and even some results and glory, but for Goodman personally it was a desiccation of the spirit.

Ocean, Sexuality, and the Sun,
and Death, and Flora are the gods for real
that sway my soul, so I freeze or smile
or am awestruck. Secretly I often
salute them when I meet them. But this ruin
of my lifetime for the commonweal,
I do it as my duty and I feel
nothing but weariness and indignation.

The Holy Ghost is also my acquaintance
whom I when I encounter sing and dance
with the musicians. But there is one god
for whom I have the others all betrayed,
Adam—wasting me for fifty-six
winters in waiting and peace politics.

In truth Goodman had no character or taste for politics, even "peace politics." Paradoxically, that was at the heart of his radicalism. His fertility in thinking up practical alternatives, for example, was a direct result of his disbelief in "the ability of parties and governments to accomplish any positive good." If one did not look to the state for solutions, one might discover them for oneself. He was marvelous at this sort of thing: putting together orphans and the elderly, subsidizing farmers by establishing rural hostels for slum kids, setting up neighborhood mini-schools and using the city as a classroom, and dozens of other ways of coping with the world as we find it.

The old libertarian program of *The May Pamphlet* had foreshadowed these ideas, but it was phrased like a manifesto, purportedly addressed to his fellow anarchists and whatever readers of *Politics* might be won over, but really for himself. In those circumstances there was no point in trying to explain how such sensible miracles were to be accomplished; how else but in one's own life, where autonomy begins? To end the alienation of labor, quit your job; to ban the cars from Manhattan, ride a bike; to fight the draft, dodge. But in the 1960s Goodman found himself rubbing elbows with people who ran things —planners, educators, jurists, Senators.

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He did not get many ideas for educational reform by sitting on the local school board, but his new tone of voice, patiently spelling out the details, was the result of that face-to-face familiarity with his audience. He began to speak as if his program might actually be put into practice.

This was good for his style, perhaps not so good for his politics. In Washington he amused his colleagues at the Institute for Policy Studies by taking it for granted that politicians meant all the fine phrases and patriotic sentiments they spouted—and he puzzled the Congressmen and public officials he met by proposing ways they might act on them! This too was a guerrilla tactic. However, beyond the momentary jolt his provocative naiveté gave a few pious liberals, Goodman's influence in the nation's capital was minimal. To make any dent there, it was necessary to believe in myths like the desirability of the standard of living and the efficacy of power —the ends and means of American democracy.

What business had Goodman being in Washington anyway? This was no place for an anarchist. It was not power that interested him, and of course he already had his audience. But Goodman did take pleasure in solving problems and accomplishing tasks—one result, I suppose, of his having lived so long in voluntary poverty. "Coping" was one of his favorite words. He was full of expedients, whether he was making a salad or running a group session or inventing the free university. His favorite scientists knew how to ask the right questions, think up the relevant experiment, and fashion the necessary equipment out of makeshift parts and junk—what he called, lovingly, "dumb-bunny apparatus." When suddenly he found himself invited to think up alternatives for a whole country, his first impulse was to look around for useful scrap.

Even at this level his inclination was to suggest something that required no massive funding or retooling, more likely a simple reallocation or even retrenchment. His idea of educational reform, for instance, when he testified before a Congressional committee, was "don't give them a penny!" Another time, he was asked whether man's institutional needs and spiritual development might not be deeply incompatible, so that there could be no hope for civilization without a change in our whole system of values; Goodman replied that what "we need at present for our social ills seem to me to be prudence, temperance, courage, justice—they seem to me to be perfectly excellent . . . and these are all very old-fashioned virtues, which I think are quite sufficient."

It was precisely these old-fashioned virtues that Goodman shared with the readers of his books and essays. Young people especially were outraged at how the established order—government, the military, industry, education, the media —connived in the abuse and disregard of every traditional value. Our resources were wasted, our lovely countryside polluted, our cities a shambles; the entire network of public communications was in the service of a venal standard of living and soporific entertainment; the young were taught to behave themselves in educational salt mines; public moneys were poured into wars which destroyed other countries, or into the roads and cars which destroyed our own; young men were conscripted and sent to die in foreign lands or, if they refused, to rot in jail at home; citizens were systematically lied to about all of this, knew it, and had lost their faith in human nature, including themselves.

Goodman changed the lives of many of us simply by naming these outrages. He knew them well, could quote you the shocking facts and figures. His critique of the educational system, for example, was based on years of experience as a teacher (ages 6 to 60, he used to boast), and close familiarity with school board and PTA as well as juveniles of every class and race. But he never criticized anything without proposing a better way of doing it—or more often, a good reason for not doing it at all. When he proposed mini-schools in storefronts, he had in mind Mabel Chrystie's First Street School where his daughter Susan Goodman taught. When he recommended doing away with the high schools, it was no spur of the moment notion tossed off for shock effect but an estimate of the human situation of adolescents, informed by his clinical experience as a psychotherapist as well as a teacher. Jobs, travel, and other experiments in independence made more sense than the increasingly prisonlike conditions of urban high schools, or even the milder drudgery of middle-class prep schools in the suburbs. Again, as a learned man Goodman considered himself an "academic" and urged that universities return to their duty to conserve and transmit the Western tradition, instead of staffing a mass holding pattern for unemployable youth. Most students were not bookish, and did not belong in college. He called for more trade schools, folk-schools on the Danish model, apprenticeship programs, and public service projects, to supply the real needs of teen-agers for vocational training. He demanded the reform of the licensing requirements for many jobs that did not depend on formal lessons in college.

The fact that any authentic attempt to deal with such questions immediately raises other questions—about the viability of American habits of work and leisure, about consumerism, the products and services rendered, about family life, child rearing, sexual mores—shows how far we have already gone astray in establishing unnatural institutions to preserve our precarious social balance. Prudence, temperance, courage and justice have been in abeyance for a long time, or we would have a looser, more flexible world, with room for risk taking, innovations that would not threaten the whole interlocking structure. It was Goodman's special gift, unlike any other social critic of the 1960s, to see this complete picture, and to understand that it was not some single institution, or even a group of institutions, that needed reform, but the overall drift of society. Once you saw that you could not make corrections here or adjustments there without altering the entire machine, it became clear that such changes were not the point; the key was not knowing which institutions to attack or what modifications to propose but how to bring people to their senses. How to revive the old-fashioned virtues, and give people choices on which to exercise them.

In this Goodman's own example was crucial. Consider his influence in a few particularly problematic areas. One might admire his essays on academic freedom, censorship, and the media, but his most important contribution to free speech was his own insistence on printing what he believed, no matter how offensive to his potential audience or

ZZZZZZ

Nasturtium petals
alight:
20 watts
of tangerine
shaded by green
leaf
a meticulous
parasol
by Hokusai
the orangey
alpha
and the green
omega
of the bee's
world.

Carl Rakosi

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the authorities. This fundamental candor is at the heart of his political and literary power. Or take a different sort of example: his psychological and educational writings are full of passages that analyze and defend sexual practices at extreme variance with conventional mores, and his stories and poems celebrate his boys in the most explicit language, but the most telling argument for sexual freedom was simply his public enjoyment of his love life. More than any other single person, he helped make present-day sexual honesty and the Gay Liberation Movement possible because of his courage in the sexually repressive 1940s, 1950s, *and* 1960s. In these and other areas, his effect on society must be measured not merely by the books he wrote, or the ideas he circulated but also by the life he led.

The radical complaint about Goodman's work in the 1960s was that it was merely reformist, patchwork on a crumbling wall. What else was he doing in Washington? How else did he happen to be asked to testify before Congressional committees or to write for *The New York Times*? From this angle his practical proposals can be viewed as playing footsie with the status quo. On the other hand, the liberals criticized him as utopian; even if some of his suggestions might be feasible, they were worth nothing if he couldn't convince anyone to adopt them.

Both these estimates miss the point of his contribution. Much as he loved "making do," he did not think of himself as a facilitator of progress. If he had been nothing but an expert in one field or another, deeply invested in his own expertise, he might very well have conceived his role in this way, a technician laboring on his special part of the social machine. But he was no such thing: what professional educator would have recommended to Congress *no* budget for the schools? Anyone else would have come up with a million-dollar idea to make everything better.

Goodman was not trapped in this problem-solving syndrome because his ideas had never taken the impress of any one particular set of categories. By the time of *Growing Up Absurd* he had made his mark in several fields, having written *Communitas, The Structure of Literature, The May Pamphlet* and *Gestalt Therapy*. He was able to combine politics and psychoanalysis, or community planning and philosophy, etc., so as to command a perspective that entirely escapes the parochialism of the technocrat. Since he was never wedded to the particular problems of a single field, he developed a remarkably unproprietary attitude toward his ideas. The point was not to institute these ideas but to develop the habit of mind that could see alternatives. This is the crucial distinction that both the liberals and the radicals failed to see. He had already thought up most of his schemes ten or twenty years earlier, in his more theoretical books, or in his conversations at the SIA Hall. It was all there, and only needed rephrasing in the new political vernacular. But what he was now trying to convey was neither those ideas nor the philosophies that lay behind them; rather he was trying to impart the anarchist attitude.

The anarchist attitude is not something that can be taught systematically, like Marxism. It is impossible, a contradiction in terms, to be a doctrinaire anarchist. This was why it was necessary to work empirically, concentrating on cases. As he explained, "when you're writing the kind of books these are, you're talking about the cases which are in *The New York Times*, no? which are on the front page, front-page stories. And what you're trying to give is a tendentious series of statements which would give an attitude of what to do with these front-page stories. That is, there's no point of writing systematic work of this kind, it has no political function."

Of course his wisdom was philosophical and systematic at some level—he could always explain to you how his view of human nature, his understanding of English common law, and his anarchist principles, all went together—but when he talked about these things he was always dealing with instances and circumstances that actually confronted us, like a slap in the face. He, above all the leaders and personalities of the movement, seriously deserved the title *guru*, for he turned to these actualities like the Zen master, and gave answers that taught "the way." People kidded him about being a sage, and he thought it was funny too—"Come off it, Paul!" —but that is probably the best term we have for what he became in the 1960s. To be his sort of anarchist, you could try to learn his system by reading *Communitas* or *The May Pamphlet*, but that was scholarship, not understanding. It was better to read *People or Personnel*, not so thoughtful a book perhaps, but in it you could get the feel of his way of coping, the attitude of anarchism. It did not contain a political ethics or a libertarian program, because it was not the theory of anarchism but its practice:

> There is a pervasive attitude, which is an anarchist tendency—there's not an anarchist philosophy, that would be a

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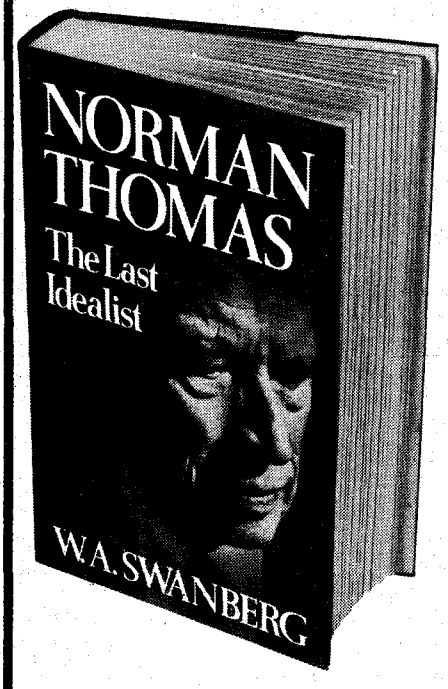

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*Harry Fleischman

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mistake, and there's certainly not an anarchist system, that would precisely be non-anarchist—there is a general attitude which is founded on what I think is an empirical proposition, which is probably true, namely, that by and large, animals, and human animals pre-eminently, function best if you let them cope concretely with what they're doing and make their own decisions about it.

As the decade wore on, Goodman devoted more and more of his energies to the anti-war movement. This was a different sort of activism, for it depended less on ingenuity or insight than moral sensibility and the willingness to risk something ("justice" and "courage" among his old-fashioned virtues). Early in the 1960s, when he helped Julian Beck and Judith Malina form the World-wide General Strike for Peace, he was reluctant to do anything that went against the grain of his character as a literary man—he wrote leaflets and he picketed Random House ("No Business as Usual") on the day of the strike—but he steered clear of the nitty-gritty organizing, which felt boring and manipulative to him. On the other hand, he did serve on the editorial board of *Liberation*, where A.J. Muste, Dave Dellinger and others tried to coordinate, anarchist fashion, increasingly large-scale efforts to stop the war. That involvement crept up on him, for when he came on the magazine it was still just a forum for libertarian views. As both the bloodshed and the protests intensified, so did Goodman's sense of an obligation to make some serious personal sacrifice. In 1967 he joined Karl Bissinger and Grace Paley in organizing Support In Action (the New York wing of Resist), which provided financial and legal assistance for draft resisters, and recruited nondraftable citizens to risk their own necks by "counseling, aiding, and abetting" the handing in or burning of draft cards. Goodman fully expected to be indicted for this activity, and was surprised not to be among the Spock defendants.

Support In Action was especially important to Goodman, not only because of his own "seditious" history in the 1940s but also because his son Mathew was a nonregistrant and one of the Cornell activists who organized the first mass draft card burning in Central Park on April 15, 1967. After Mathew was killed in a mountain climbing accident that summer, Goodman continued for a few years in the same harness—doing it for Matty, one could see—but an iciness had come into his heart that distanced him from everything but grief for his son. At the same time the "Movement" was now being spelled with a capital "M" and drifting further and further from the libertarian ideals that characterized its early stages. Even in the heady days of Berkeley and the Free Speech Movement, Goodman had been wary of the anti-intellectualism of some student rebels, just as they mistrusted his harping on professionalism and the Western tradition. He liked the new emphasis on confrontation politics even less. To his way of thinking, it was a far cry from anarchist "direct action." A.J. Muste had died the same year as Mathew, and since then Goodman's fellow editors at *Liberation* seemed to him to have abandoned their libertarian-pacifist position for a more intransigently revolutionary stance; one day he walked into the office and took his name off the masthead. When radicals began to give themselves titles like "collectives" and "cadres," Goodman began to call himself a "conservative"—as he certainly was, and always had been, though in a sense few understood: "It is only the anarchists who are really conservative," he had argued in a revised version of *The May Pamphlet* put out in the early 1960s, "for they want to conserve sun and space, animal nature, primary community, experimenting inquiry."

Goodman had his first heart attack in 1971. He died August 2, 1972, just short of his 61st birthday. His last works were his most moving poems, of loss and mourning for his son, and the fear of death. I think he felt that both his son's life and his own were somehow part of the price he paid for his political career, though of course accidents and heart attacks happen in peace and war, to all men. He took it as defeat. In 1970 someone asked him what the overall effect of his work had been; he answered, "Nothing. My feeling is, nothing."

When he said that, there were people in his audience to deny it on the spot, and I suppose the ultimate answer *is* up to us. If we could simply say that he was again twenty years ahead of his time, and take his suggestions as a blueprint for the 1980s, that would be some comfort, for the warnings and the solutions seem as apt and practical today as they did when he first announced them. We have not yet banned the cars from Manhattan, or decentralized our schools. But will we? It is depressing to think of how he was twenty, thirty, a hundred years ahead of his time. His time will never come if it is not already here. That was the lesson of *The May Pamphlet*. It is the attitude of anarchism we must learn. He knew from the beginning, when his audience was perhaps a couple of hundred, that the secret was to propose only that which one was willing—and able—immediately to put into effect, in concert with one's friends. "The libertarian is rather a millenarian than a utopian. He does not look forward to a future state of things which he tries to bring about by suspect means; but he draws now, so far as he can, on the natural force in him that is no different in kind from what it will be in a free society, except that there it will have more scope and be immeasurably reinforced by mutual aid and fraternal conflict. *Merely by continuing to exist and act in nature and freedom, the libertarian wins the victory, establishes the society. . . .*" □

Where the Wasteland Begins

THE LAND'S LORD. By T. Obinkaram Echewa. *Lawrence Hill & Co. 145 pp. $3.95.*

XALA. By Sembène Ousmane. *Translated from the French by Clive Wake. Lawrence Hill & Co. 114 pp. $5.95.*

EVE OTTENBERG

Much recent African fiction focuses on big, cultural collisions: monogamy and polygamy, Christianity, Islam and polytheism, tribal and European styles, and especially city life and country life. Some writers laugh gently at traditional prejudices, while others like Chinua Achebe decry corruption in new political institutions, but what stands out despite these variations in approach is the sense of impending disaster: much of Achebe's fiction concerns the family dissension which occurs when university educated Ibos marry girls from other tribes; *The People of the City* by the Nigerian Cyprian Ekwensi describes the fear of a Europeanized journalist in the presence of a witch; the Senegalese film maker, Sembène Ousmane, depicts businessmen consulting oracles and Marxists who worry about magic curses. The mix of life styles carries more than a hint of the coming crisis for those caught in the crossfire, and among black South African writers the threat is that of death itself as they head toward their own unique collision with apartheid.

Two new novels, *The Land's Lord* by T. Obinkaram Echewa, and *Xala* by Sembène Ousmane, resound with

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clashes of several sorts. In *Xala* a successful businessman-polygamist takes a third wife and is struck by a sudden impotence called the *xala* which is diagnosed as a tribal curse. *The Land's Lord* describes the clash between Father Higler, a Christian missionary psychologically muddled by his desertion from World War I, and the village that he wishes to convert. What marks both of these carefully written novels, and indeed much of this literature of upheaval, is the host of choices, among religions, wives, political institutions and life styles, which face the characters and force them to live in an extreme and somewhat dazed way.

In *The Land's Lord,* the claims of two religions torment Philip, Father Higler's servant and only true convert. When told by the villagers that he must atone for a sin, Philip waffles, fearing both the village gods and Father Higler's god. Like one of Poe's characters, his morbid preoccupation makes life a nightmare. Another Christian convert might have slipped off quietly and made sacrifice to the ancestral gods thereby avoiding the dangers of sincerity and indecision. For all its evils, cultural myopia turns out to have its advantages: it is precisely Father Higler's repellent, missionary arrogance—he dismisses the village religion as "mere idolatry"—that saves him from the terror of choosing, of looking seriously at himself and those he wishes to convert. But for the hapless Philip things are not so easy. His final choice is one that more complacent atheists avoid. He resolves that he cannot scorn all gods without scorning death as well.

Oddly enough, Echewa does not mention what should be an alternative for the local religious misfit, that is, escape to the city. In the novels of Achebe, Bebey, Ekwensi, there hovers in the background an awareness of the city, of urban anonymity as refuge from the too demanding village elders. The village folk in Achebe's stories brood about what their children are doing in town, while *Agatha Moudio's Son* by the Camerounian, Francis Bebe —with its picture of the changing status of women in a tiny fishing village—shows Agatha going into town for a wild life that the villagers would never tolerate. Ousmane and Ekwensi write most often about the urban poor, the bewildered newcomer, the lost girls just off the farm. Despite the oppression of the slums, the South African writers Alex La Guma and Esekiel Mphalele look forward to the time when the cities, slums and all, will be their own, when they can defy the regime's notion that cities belong to whites but are for blacks only places of work. That these writers all betray some ambivalence toward their cities is no surprise since city life introduces every side of the cultural mix mentioned earlier, and the cities are, more than anything else, the repository of hopes for the future.

But unlike these writers Echewa is not directly concerned with the future. His cultural collision is very nearly apocalyptic, and it is easy to see how such religious conflict might seem so to people who live on the outskirts of vast forests. The terror and closeness of divinity that the solitary person in the jungle experiences is familiar to the villager; the city, on the other hand, provides safety in numbers. Although the terror of the jungle has largely disappeared from European literature, African writers still have access to it, but few besides Echewa actually use such material. He is concerned with showing the full extent of the land's power so that we see why land worship must triumph over Christianity in this jungle village. An elder named Ahamba, who perfectly fits the stereotype of the village mouthpiece common in African fiction, points out to Father Higler that there are no one-way relationships with the land: "Even you, White Man, are now of us. You did not start here, but you are here now. You have eaten the fruits of this land, it has sunk its hooks in you." The land gives people their identities by defining their communal roles. Phrases abound about everyone's blood flowing through the land, about the sky depending on the land to soak up the rain that it cannot hold, about the ocean depending on the land as its anchor, about everything springing from and returning to the land. Despite such descriptions we are not in the presence of benevolent Mother Earth; Echewa's land is neither so sunny, smiling nor intelligible. If someone offends and fails to atone, the land drives them mad. It is easy to see why such a land inspires awe: the jungle is incredibly fertile, teems with capricious spirits and makes even a clear patch of earth constant toil. Describing nightfall, Echewa piles up images of density, of purposiveness, so that the land appears alive, entangling and dangerous.

Echewa's commitment to tribal ways recalls that of Captain Elechi Amadi, the author of a remarkable epic-novel of tribal warfare, *The Great Ponds.* Both writers blur the distinction between psychological and religious forces making the reader wonder whether the hero is simply going crazy or whether the gods are actually driving him mad.

"You're a little island out there...

Whether in time you turn good like wine or bad like a pickle is up to you. Whether you go one way or the other you get paid just the same."
—Al Tennison, Laconia Police Department

POLICE: STREETCORNER POLITICIANS by William Ker Muir, Jr., is a book about how and why police officers turn good or bad—about how their power to coerce can strengthen or erode their humanity.

Muir studied twenty-eight young officers during their first five years of police work in a sizable city—"Laconia"—with typical urban problems and tensions. He saw these young men, during that time, assume either the "cynic" view that the world is divided into "those who know better" and "the rest," or the "tragic" view that all human nature is one.

Police, like politicians, writes Muir, face similar problems of dealing with an apprehensive or resentful populace; but police are threatened and can use threat more openly. Their offices are not off corridors but on the curbside.

At every point, Muir lets the men he interviewed speak in their own words about the people and the situations they deal with and about their own feelings of satisfaction or frustration. No one can read Muir's work and forget the sterling Officer Jay Justice, or the eloquent Al Tennison, or the patient Bill Douglas, or any of the others —good or bad officers—who bring so much life to this humane and human book.

POLICE: STREETCORNER POLITICIANS
$15.00
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In *The Great Ponds* everyone expects a challenger of the gods to lose his mind, but in *The Land's Lord*, Philip has a new god, so no one knows what to expect. Finally Echewa says that the land might well be a god, and that a person who challenges the gods faces inevitable despair and madness. The ascendancy of the old tribal religion over the new European one distinguishes Echewa's novel from the fiction of Achebe or the South African writers. These writers portray unhappy compromises, collapsing traditions or forced adjustment to European ways. But Echewa's religious theme demands a different outcome, for the religions of the industrialized world often do seem anemic in comparison to those of pre-industrial countries. Father Higler observes that the villagers quarrel with and are intimate with their gods, while he is remote from his god and from the community as well.

Xala, on the other hand, portrays the more familiar effect of the cultural clash—the destruction of tribal values. In *Xala* everyone, but especially the main character, El Hadji, is a corrupt "synthesis of European middle class and feudal African" culture. This synthesis has complicated everyone's motives; it makes the characters perceive truths so dimly that, by comparison, Echewa's characters look like visionaries. No one in *Xala* is in touch with the great cosmic rhythms since everyone is too urban, sophisticated, confused and corrupt. Furthermore, everyone has been driven to almost pathological extremes by the blending of cultures. El Hadji's *xala* is in part expressive of his lack of emotion, values, and humanity; *it* has grown out of his adaptation to an impersonal, immoral business world. In fact, the villagers who put the curse on El Hadji are the very people he swindled to begin his lucrative career.

When El Hadji's *xala* causes him to neglect his business, people abandon him: his third wife snubs him and annuls the marriage; his second wife finds new men to provide her with clothes and entertainment; his business and political associates who are patting him on the back in the opening scene, expel him from their group, demonstrating that the least lapse in success severs the bonds of their community. Such communities and their inhabitants, however venal and hollow, give a writer like Ousmane rich material. They allow him to show people at their most flawed, eccentric, energetic and comic. Like many studies of manners, *Xala* eventually reveals what manners are meant to conceal: the variety and weaknesses of human nature. In this highly mannered world, there is little introspection or spirituality. Even the seriously religious people in *Xala,* like the first wife, Awa, are viewed as curiosities. Nevertheless, Ousmane shows that the *xala* really *is* a curse that certain qualified seers can remove or put back on El Hadji. In other words, Ousmane, like Echewa and Amadi, freely uses a literary device that is almost off-limits to Western writers, that is, magic. But *Xala*'s flamboyant characters make the changeless intensity of *The Land's Lord* look monochromatic by comparison. Ousmane's wit skims the varied surface of social life, while Echewa delves into terror and despair. *Xala* is a chain of small contained explosions while *The Land's Lord* moves relentlessly toward one, well announced explosion. Both novels end with apocalyptic scenes of social atrocity.

What these apocalyptic scenes reveal is the total inadequacy of both tribal and Western ways in the face of real catastrophe. Each novel traces this inadequacy to a different root. In *The Land's Lord* neither Roman Catholicism nor the tribal gods can fulfill the soul's yearning for perfection because both religions conceal cosmic arbitrariness and cruelty. Such a universe is out of joint and ripe for tragedy. Ousmane traces evil to the misuse of wealth: no cultural posturing as "feudal African" or as "Western businessman" can excuse exploitation. The unveiling of such universal defects is always explosive and the special power of both *Xala* and *The Land's Lord* comes from the explosiveness of unveiling all myths, black and white, which seek to cover such defects. □

TELEVISION

PETER SOURIAN

According to *Long Day's Journey,* Eugene O'Neill's father, the renowned actor, brought art, life and family to perdition by playing Monte Cristo too long, for love of money. Producer-star Mary Tyler Moore chooses to do otherwise: by her own volition, seven years of the highly successful *Mary Tyler Moore Show* came to an end on March 19.

As I watched the final episode I wondered if TV—junk notwithstanding—isn't presiding over some gradual maturation of the American people, accelerated perhaps from the time when a young generation under the gun joined forces with the Vietnamese to educate us in the ways of adults not ever-Westering on horseback under the relentless lash or baton of Dimitri Tiomkin.

Prime-time sitcom producers like Mary Tyler Moore or Norman Lear don't choose their subjects, issues, or stories without concerning themselves over what the public wants to watch. So it's worth noting that after seven years the last thing that happens to Mary is not that she gets married or that she wins a Pulitzer Prize but that she gets fired. Further, that in fact everyone who is competent, intelligent and humane in the fictional Minneapolis WJM-TV newsroom gets fired, leaving only the narcissistic, mediocre anchorman Ted Baxter. I ask you, has there ever before been a mass-medium Saturday night in the history of the United States when—as the *conclusion* to a show—to be canned is a badge of honor and to succeed in the American dream is to be a semi-illiterate, morally dim coward?

And such an attitude toward age-old realities is not a one-shot deal. Consider the episode of the week before: though it did concern romance, it was about a possible something between Mary and none other than her overweight, middle-aged boss, Lou Grant. Better yet, the romance fizzled. And better *yet,* it didn't fizzle for the reason that Lou wasn't glamorous enough for such a nice American Girl; it just plain fizzled. Given our nation's past entertainment predilections (romance) and certain present ones (violence and sick sex), such ordinary goings-on, among such ordinary characters and for the consumption of ordinary people, are extraordinary.

It is interesting that the stars on these shows (*Maude, The Jeffersons, Sanford and Son,* etc.), are not stars in the Hollywood sense but what used to be called character actors. On the sitcoms, stars in the old sense tend to be butts for ridicule, as with anchorman Ted Baxter. The epitome of the new star—the TV star—is Telly Savalas of *Kojak,* who never got past character parts in the movies.

It's also worth noting how much these shows depend for their success on human beings acting *together,* i.e., on fine ensemble acting. American actors, who may have struggled for years to establish repertory companies, complain bitterly that the exigencies of Broadway preclude decent rehearsal time, and envy English and European companies. Appropriately enough, there was a curtain call at the end of the *MTM* show the other night; the players, out of their roles, behaved toward one another in human ways that seemed to me, simply, genuine.

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Confirmation of my general point here was to be seen only a half-hour after Mary took her final leave, on Lear's *All In The Family*, when Archie Bunker came home summarily fired too, from his job of thirty years. Everything is exposed deftly and beautifully: his pain, his dignity, his courage, even his sexual impotence, and the forced identification of the narrow-minded Archie with blacks.

Archie is no prize package, yet he is a human being, albeit with artistic elements of heightening that verge on caricature. And Lou Asner, as the middle-level TV producer, can say "I treasure you people" as they go down the tube, and really mean it, though he too is capable of minor sadisms. Similarly, the venality of Mary herself under pressure is not glossed over when she humanly decides that perhaps the station owner is exempting her from the wholesale firing.

As for the station owner, he is neither sadistic, nor can he possibly ever treasure anyone; he is just kind of dead. The startling implication here, as elsewhere on these shows, is that to be really successful as things stand, one has to be a little dead. Knowing the commercial pressures TV writers labor under (for a TV account of such pressures I refer you to the Chicago Public TV documentary, *You Should See What You're Missing*, produced by Michael Hirsch), one suspects they may know this at first-hand.

So we have two of the most popular shows ever produced dealing with unemployment on the same Saturday night. The American people have been losing jobs recently at a rate they hadn't experienced for quite a number of years. The pain of the victims and the nearly schizophrenically callous treatment on the part of the headsmen are being reflected and realized. The people on the shows and the people in the cities show the hurt, but they do not show the anger. Many people in this country seem to pride themselves on taking things "well." That is partly because of the culture's puritanical disgust with ordinary anger freely expressed, and it may gradually change.

It is also partly because people still think there's something morally wrong with people if they don't "succeed," which is not the case abroad. Also people keep thinking they may succeed, or their children may; they don't want to admit that the system exploits, because they still hope to become part of the group that hugely benefits therefrom. And, finally, it is partly because things seem not to have gotten bad enough.

The black woman on the unemployment line who lends Archie her pencil knows that things are bad. But Archie, thrown out like a dog—a pathetically aging dog—after thirty years, is still on his hind legs, saluting the flag.

TV is blamed for almost everything, our current and convenient scapegoat. A little perspective may be in order. In the 19th century young ladies who read novels would come to a bad end. Later, the cry was: "Why must she go to the movies, why can't she stay home and read a good novel?" Now it's TV that, according to the most recent assertive diatribe, Marie Winn's *The Plug-In Drug*, is radically diabolical. Regarding a number of sitcoms—and even some of the crime shows—I confess to admiration for the creative skill of the writers and actors and for the relative artistic value of the product. The run of novels of sensibility in the old days was far sillier than the best of these shows. □

CATECHISM

But this time, I learn
Each entry
By foot, in rockface . . .

Find on the
Way down
A surprise hold, a heelfit
Where, going up, I kicked loose
Mindlessly
What space
Knew I'd need it
Later,
Or knew nothing at all,
And so, as my own ignorance,
Felt vaguely
Undersole
Like the sturdiest ladder.

Thomas Johnson

THEATRE

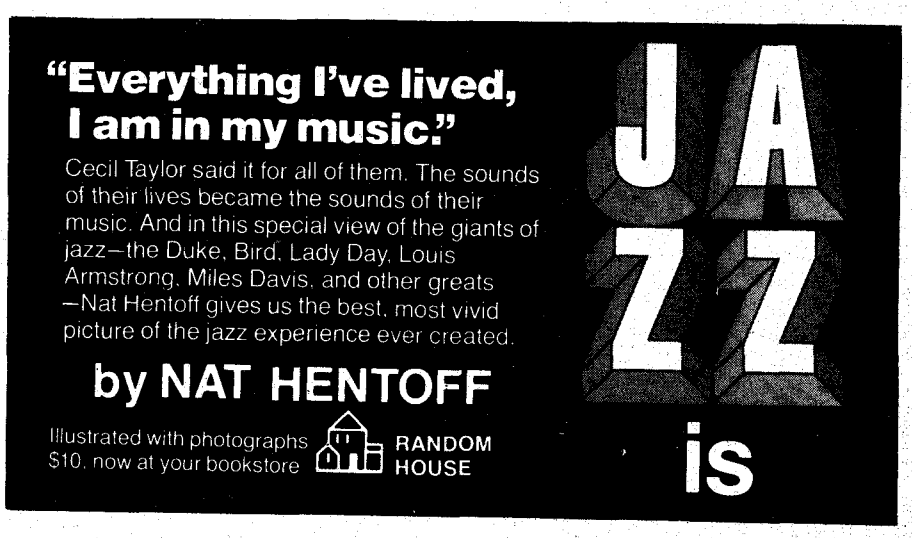
HAROLD CLURMAN

The New Playwrights Theatre of Washington, set up in the capital in 1972, "has grown from a small experimental theatre to a major position in the Washington Arts Community." "To date," the company's statement reads, "it has served sixty playwrights through its series of open workshops, informal readings, production readings and full productions." One such production, *Hagar's Children*, has been brought to the Public Theatre on Lafayette Street. I was glad to see it.

The author, Ernest Joselovitz, wrote the play out of his experiences on the staff of a home for emotionally disturbed teen-agers. It is about such children in a place called Bridgehaven Farm, under the supervision of an unmarried, childless Jewish woman, Esther Roxburg, and a young black man, Oliver Davidson. They are an infinitely patient pair. Their task requires an extraordinary amount of assiduity, care and forbearance—which are love's active ingredients.

The children, boys and girls, are frighteningly difficult beings. They are hostile, desperate, always on the verge of some form of violence to themselves or others. They are children of broken marriages, of unfeeling parents, of mothers and fathers who have abandoned them or who wish to be relieved of the "problem" which confronts them.

What struck me, at the rather raucous opening, was that it seemed to continue a series of plays I had been seeing for the past two weeks—plays concerning "monsters," that is, unfortunates who for the most part we prefer to avoid thinking about, especially in the theatre which, as everyone knows, is designed for "entertainment." It is symptomatic of the moment that we are now prepared to receive such plays with interest if not with equanimity. We have generally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come to regard the world around us as a clinic, in which we are all corporate patients.

Hagar's Children is not very subtle; it is, if you will, sentimental, but also generally convincing. What is to be especially noted is that, since each child is disturbed in a different way and for different reasons, all of them are able at crucial moments, to act as nurses and healers to one another, though they appear mutually antagonistic. What they fear most is the approach of all people from outside their "haven." Some are placated, some are made ready to take their place in "normal society," some may possibly prove incurable. But Esther and Oliver keep hoping, working, devoting themselves to their heartbreaking and noble task. Whatever we may think of the play as "art," "theatre," or "entertainment," we are finally stirred.

I must confess, however, that what moved me most was the acting company itself. None of the actors is a member of Equity, that is, *officially* professional. But their passionate dedication to what they are doing is affecting beyond all professionalism, and their talent is unmistakable throughout. That they are bound together for the performance of such a play—and for other plays by new writers still in "obscurity" outside the New York theatrical market—is therapeutic for me! It points to the great desire for honest expression in the theatre that is growing in all parts of the country and gives hope for the future. New York by itself cannot and must not be the American theatre.

I would cite each member of the company—there are nine—for particular praise but since the production is so clearly a united effort I can only say I love them all for the atmosphere of fervor they create. And I must add words of gratitude to the director Robert Graham Small, and to all the others responsible for the production in Washington and here. □

HARVESTER

These women come
to the coastal farms of California
in old Army pants and high buttoned jackets,
they wear bandanas
half wrapped over their faces
and tightly knotted at the neck
like hanging nooses

They climb aboard the Harvester—
a caboose leaving for a world that ends
where each row of tomatoes begins

The red caboose crawls over the field
and they hunch over its long tongue
that spits out the red and green,
the mechanical people,
arms thrashing,
pick out
the too wrinkled
the too hard
and throw them back to the field,
their job
deals in "what's not wanted"

The Harvester moves along slower than the day
groaning with them,
slapping them with the shaft,
bits of earth,
making their cheeks and necks sting
their eyes water
all that they cannot reach,
because the tomatoes have their hands too,
the juices run and trap flies
on their skin

The foreman with the Chinese accent, yells,
"Vamanos! Vamanos!"
into a falling sun

They walk home
through dark fields,
mashing tomatoes
on their soles

Their shoes
by the side of their cots
are carrying seeds

Lallo

MUSIC

DAVID HAMILTON

The full extent of Alban Berg's achievement in compressing and structuring Frank Wedekind's *Lulu* plays into an opera is still unclear, and will have to remain so until the opera's substantially complete final act is at last, after forty years, made available. (According to persistent if unconfirmed rumors, the place will be Paris, the year 1979, the "completer" Pierre Boulez.) In the meantime, the first two acts are on view at the Metropolitan Opera in what is probably their finest realization to date, along with an ersatz third act that, though necessarily short of providing the massive structural closure that Berg actually composed, at least does no acute violence to his conception.

As we know from the painstaking and tenacious research of George Perle, the opera is symmetrically constructed, its second half explicitly recapitulating, in the course of the degradation of the amoral heroine, music from the first half—even to the extent that the three men who visit her in the London garret of the final scene are played by the singers who impersonated her three husbands in the opera's first act. The music from the *Lulu Suite* traditionally used in lieu of the unavailable complete score does very little to fill this gap (there's only enough for the visit of the third man, who turns out—fatally—to be Jack the Ripper), but it does provide some sort of climax. And to this John Dexter has added some spoken material

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from the Wedekind play (in which I noticed a small slip: although Berg made writer Alwa, explicitly identified in the play as its author, into a composer, musically identified in the opera as Berg, the Marquis in the Met's third act still spoke of him as a "*Schriftsteller*").

Nothing in this season of novelties at the Met has attested so convincingly as this *Lulu* to the aspirations—and the capabilities—of the house's artistic direction. The opera offers greater challenges than any other the house has ever undertaken: to the orchestra and singers, in Berg's volatile, alternately lush and acerbic score; to the director and actors, in his compulsively specific interrelationship of stage motion and musical event. Two previous productions seen in New York disregarded, to greater or lesser degrees, the theatrical requirements in favor of irrelevant and self-important flights of "interpretive" fantasy, and neither really measured up to the musical demands (although it must be noted that Sarah Caldwell's production was better-intentioned than that of the Hamburg Opera, whose innumerable audible malfeasances were memorialized in a recording now fortunately unavailable).

At the Met, musical director James Levine and producer John Dexter have obviously taken all these responsibilities seriously. The orchestra plays with unparalleled transparency and vitality; the long-limbed, arching melodies really emerge as such, not as halting struggles from note to note. Most of the singers do equally well, while observing Berg's careful shades of distinction between speaking and singing—and, when singing, they sing clear pitches, not vague approximations. On opening night, both Carole Farley (Lulu) and William Lewis (Alwa) seemed to tire by their big duet at the end of the second act; this may well have been first-night nerves, and uncertainty over how much tone was needed to project in the vast theatre (from where I was sitting, they need not have worried). Just about perfect were Donald Gramm (Dr. Schön), Lenus Carlson (The Animal Trainer and The Acrobat), Andrew Foldi (Schigolch, an endearing embodiment of low life in high places), Tatiana Troyanos (Countess Geschwitz) and Nico Castel (The Prince, The Manservant and The Marquis), while Raymond Gibbs (The Painter) and Cynthia Munzer (Wardrobe Mistress and The Schoolboy) were also effective.

The most tangible testimonial to the production's seriousness of purpose were Jocelyn Herbert's designs: no "unit set" or other compromise but stylish realizations of Berg's very specific instructions, so that Dexter's action did not need to deviate from the precise timing demanded in the score. If all this suggests that it was merely an obedient, literal minded production, however, the suggestion is wrong: everything was done with panache and spontaneity, music and motion—and emotion—coherently wedded in their ongoing development. The Met's *Lulu* will be still better when we come to the soaring final Adagio via the route Berg planned instead of the detour enforced by the composer's late widow and his publishers, but even now it is one of the great evenings of musical theatre, something very close to a model production.

(The only current recording of *Lulu*, on Deutsche Grammophon 2709 029, is serviceable, but a new version, recorded last fall for London with a generally qualified cast conducted by Christoph von Dohnanyi, is probably worth waiting for; Dohnanyi's recording of the *Lulu Suite*, on London OS 26397, comes closer than the DG set to realizing the score's warm polyphony.)

Two seasons ago, Levine and Dexter revived Verdi's *La Forza del Destino*, restoring the inn scene and other material long missing from Met performances, but with other modifications of the score and action that did not please. This season, though some of the debatable points remain, the *Rataplan* episode has been restaged to eliminate the tendentious "disasters of war" pantomimes, and—most significantly—the musical performance has jelled into a really galvanizing experience, with vocal energy on stage to match Levine's unflagging drive in the pit. Leontyne Price, now exercising only variable control over a diminished instrument, still offers a very special intensity that paid dividends in the opera's final scene. And Placido Domingo, always one of the most musical of tenors, is now the most heroic of musical tenors and the most musical of heroic tenors; his performance as Don Alvaro on March 8 was unmatched in my memory for richness and brilliance of tone, suavity of phrasing and force of accent. Although in less than his best voice, Cornell MacNeil worked in the same vein as Domingo and Levine, and Martti Talvela provided an incomparably solid if

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somewhat inflexible foundation to the ensembles. The genre scenes were still excessively taut, I felt, but the central thrust of Verdi's tragedy sang forth strongly. (A new recording of *Forza*, conducted by Levine on RCA ARL4 1864, has some of the same qualities, but the recorded sound doesn't do full justice to the ring of Domingo's tone, and Price was unwise to embalm for posterity her current vocal condition in the role; still occasionally potent in the theatre, it is not now conducive to repeated listening. The remainder of the cast—Sherrill Milnes, Bonaldo Giaiotti, Fiorenza Cossotto, and Gabriel Bacquier—is strong, and the score is presented uncut, without transpositions of order.) □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

A cop thriller that won't waste your time is *Man on the Roof*, directed by Bo Widerberg, who gave us the ineffably beautiful *Elvira Madigan*. The new picture is much better than that, since it deals with entirely believable people in a not entirely unbelievable situation.

It all starts when someone crawls through a hospital window and butchers the patient in the bed. It is one of those atrocious killings, made vivid by the convention of having an inexperienced young officer embarrass himself by vomiting. Those preliminaries out of the way, the film moves into the homicide squad and begins to develop the personalities and relationships of two veteran and two younger detectives. The atmosphere is more Maigret than Poirot, with conflicts, weariness, fallibility, a concern for decency in a profession whose working material is necessarily sordid. The men involved are well-drawn, though sides of their personalities are sometimes suggested and then dropped—I suspect because the script was condensed from a Martin Beck thriller by Maj Sjöwall and Per Wahlöö, and in some places stitching shows.

The victim was a high-ranking officer and it soon looks as though the killer is, or was, also on the force. So dirty linen begins to emerge and the homicide squad is caught between the jaws of group loyalty and the need to solve a crime that concerns them personally. The "good cops," primarily the veteran pair, a somewhat ponderous large one (played by Carl-Gustaf Lindstedt) and a sharp, quietly sardonic small one (Einer Ronn), are out to catch the killer and incidentally to clean up a police department which, some station house scenes suggest, has developed dubious habits.

They get quite close to their man, but as it turns out he comes to them—by the direct method of barricading himself on a roof and machine-gunning any policeman who strays within his line of vision. He is not only a competent marksman (commando-trained) but quite mad—for reasons the film scrupulously explains.

The last half-hour or so of the picture is devoted to scenes of carnage, with men bleeding to death all over the street, cars and trucks smashing into one another, and a helicopter bursting into flames as it plunges upon a panicking crowd. This is disaster footage of the sort now dominating the mass audience cinema; it is technically brilliant, very noisy, somewhat confusing and tedious, for all its wild action. The human body is a fragile mechanism, and the ways it can be decommissioned are legion. But the piling up of corpses is only viscerally effective, unless one had occasion to know them when they were still alive. The big cop gets shot, and that is dramatic; the rest is mere titillation. Despite this doomsday finale, however, *Man on the Roof* deals with a sufficiently engrossing problem—the ethics of manhunting. □

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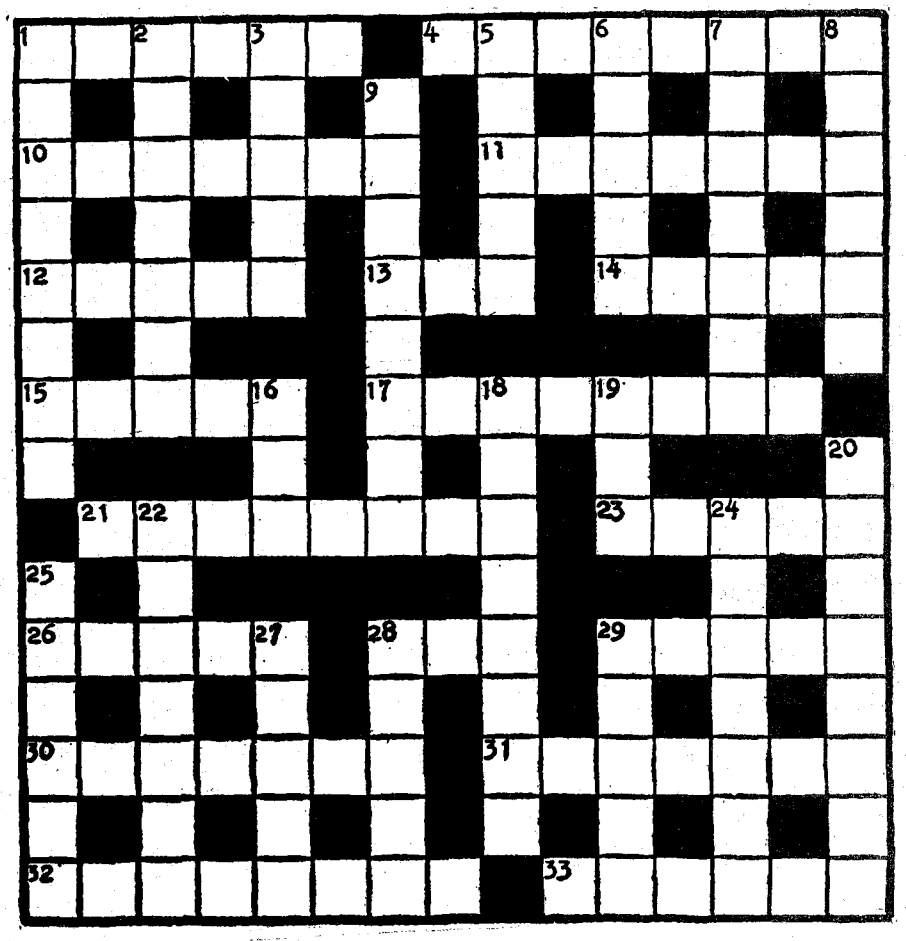
SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1673

ACROSS: 1 and 5 down Busman's holiday; 5 Heavies; 9 and 10 You're telling me; 11 Pull ahead; 12 Utter; 13 Glances; 15 Yearned; 17 Insipid; 19 Speared; 21 Arbor; 23 Showpiece; 25 Obsession; 26 Claim; 27 Entente; 28 Denuded. DOWN: 1 and 17 Buy a pig in a poke; 2 Skullcaps; 3 Arena; 4 Setters; 6 Acidulate; 7 Ingot; 8 Sheared; 14 Caparison; 16 Nursemaid; 18 Despite; 19 Spooned; 20 Dreamed; 22 Beset; 24 Pecan.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1674

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 and 10 In dry seasons a gardener does something that goes in some washing machines. (5-8)
4 Possibly attended by what exposers did to frauds. (6,2)
10 See 1 across
11 and 13 Descriptive of the spirit that's being prepared with pot for one in the band. (10)
12 Numbers of the Assembly sit in the wrong position. (5)
13 See 11 across
14 and 32 The one-time Emperor has greetings and direction for the children's movie star. (5-8)
15 A bar in meeting others? (5)
17 A slight quality of sin's then made apparent. (8)
21 A very quiet indication, finished and tacked on. (8)
23 See 16 down
26 and 28 What old-fashioned dad does if he doesn't get divorced and stays quietly by. (5,3)
29 In short, we keep only the horsy part of its name. (5)
30 The wind ripped ahead, with what Shakespeare made much of. (7)
31 They're likely to be less human over here than in Britain. (7)
32 See 14 across.
33 Cold, like the mending-wall poem? (6)

DOWN

1 One shouldn't recognize the criminal type too soon in one. (8)
2 A climbing insect holds it to a T—that's pretty fancy work! (7)
3 They're real characters from the old country! (5)
5 It's all right in such a monotonous noise, but otherwise it's nonsense. (5)
6 and 24 A sign of old timers' getting fixed up to see what kibitzers might do in the garage. (5,7)
7 The way a boy gets up and tells stories shows how he wastes time. (7)
8 Accounts, both written and financial, might be, according to how softly one walked. (6)
9 Given the professional seal of approval, and accordingly assessed. (8)
16, 19 and 23 across Dvorak wrote from this habitat of the spider-monkey. (3,3,5)
18 Wanted person inside, ate out, in a way. (2,6)
19 See 16 down
20 Is old, you see, in a disgusting way. (8)
22 It sounds like more than one is connected to part of the chest. (7)
24 See 6 down
25 Fish moves easily, when on ice. (6)
27 Secures impressions of animals. (5)
28 For example, a Polynesian mother or myself. (5)
29 Respect for what they might do to credit cards? (5)

SEE LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AT LEFT

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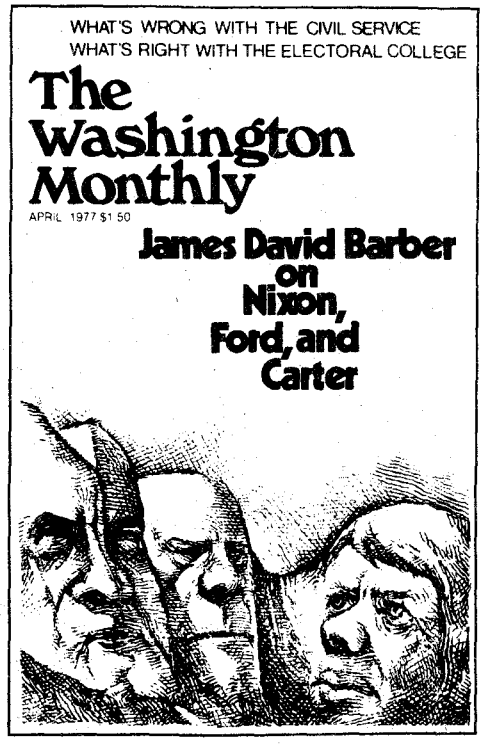
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